Be prepared for the Next Raid.—See page ii of Cover

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 516 SATURDAY APRIL 22. 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin. We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

April 22, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

April 22, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Authorised Capital ... £1,000,000
Shares Issued 700 000
Shareholders 4,000

Chairman—MR. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened and 2½ per cent. interest paid on approved credit balances.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS are opened with any sum from 1s. upwards and interest paid from 3 to 5 per cent., according to notice of withdrawal.

Write or call for Special Booklet to—

Head Office:-
1, CHEAPSIDE
LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SPRATT'S make a Biscuit for every breed of DOG—

"Spratt's Biscuit Book" illustrates and describes the food for YOUR dog. Write or a copy (stating breed.) Spratt's Patent, Ltd., 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

TREASURY NOTECASES.
INITIALLED FREE.
LA3219. Notecase in Seal Grain Leather. Reversible, to take 20/- and 10/- Notes. Piggott's Price 1/10 to clear. Post 2d.
LA3220. Do. do. Lined Leather. Piggott's Price 2/4 to clear. Postage 2d.
Initials stamped FREE in GOLD or SILVER on all Cases.
JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside, and Milk Street, LONDON, E.C.

As a cyclist you must know that greater comfort means greater mileage, greater pleasure.
BROOKS
saddles ensure that greater comfort always, for they are supreme in all essential qualities
Choose your model from the BROOKS BOOK which is free.
J. B. BROOKS & Co. LTD
92, CRITERION WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 516. Week ending Saturday, April 22nd, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Watch America!

We *said* "Watch America."

General Townshend.

Be prepared for bad news. If Gordon's fate should overtake this splendid officer—well, good-bye to the Government. The people would not stand *that*.

Wimbledon.

All honour to Mr. Kennedy Jones for having championed this forlorn hope. It is just as well to show the Government that *no* Party citadel is to-day safe from assault. What a change is coming over the political scene!

In the Air.

Surely this phrase exactly describes the attitude of the Government towards the Air Service. Three weeks ago we foretold the resignations of Lord Derby and Lord Montagu from the precious Committee, and it is now quite obvious that the insistent demands of Mr. Pemberton Billing can no longer be disregarded. Mile End and East Herts have indeed justified themselves.

Going - Gone!

So the Railway Ticket Tax, like the Hat Tax of last year, has gone; and the Match duty is, to a large extent, "going." Why on earth do these political financiers keep going off at half-cock in this way?

"Of no Military Importance."

When will the authorities drop this canting phrase when reporting the result of air raids?

"Blighty."

Such is the name of a journal now being established by a body of patriotic Fleet Streeters for free distribution in the trenches. What will be the nickname of the members of the staff? Good luck to the venture, anyway.

Our Horoscope.

Somebody has been casting it for us. We find that at our birth there were "no less than five planets in cardinal signs." We are glad there is a "g" in that last word! But, to come to the point, "two years hence" there is to be "a complete change" in our "life and surroundings," and we are to find ourselves "in the vortex of political activity." But, best of all, "even now the stars are working for us," and we "have, indeed, the opportunity of a lifetime at our command." The only disturbing factor is that "Jupiter, the lord *of increase and expansion*," will continue to influence our fortunes. And we are already forty-four round the waist!

Their Proper Job.

Various "conscientious" cranks are being exempted from military service on condition that they undertake work of "national importance." Why not make them latrine attendants to the various camps?

A Hint to K. of K.

Why not commandeer the Sandow Institute and its Instructors and put all our young officers through a course of physical exercise?

Police and Public.

A word with the Recorder of London. The other day a woman was charged with bigamy, and found guilty; whereupon the judge enquired of the police witness, "What is the prisoner's general reputation—good or bad?" A most improper question.

A Moot Point.

There appears to be some doubt whether, after all, the son of German parents, if born in England, is a British subject. We hope it may be decided that he is not.

A Cracked Bell.

Can Sir Hugh Bell, who has been added to the Committee to safeguard British trade after the war, *really* be the gentleman who recently expressed the view that, so far from wishing to capture German trade, he earnestly hoped that Germany would become more prosperous?

A Palpable Hit.

How do the Huns like this—from their own Shakespeare, Goethe? "National hatred is a peculiar thing. You will find it most intense among the lowest in the scale of civilisation." What price the Hymn of Hate after that?

The Old Book.

And how is this—from St. Luke xi., 46? "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." The income received "for services to his Majesty's Government" is to be exempt from the new taxes!

Trouble Brewing.

At the time of going to press there is much fluttering in the political dovecotes. Mr. Asquith is having a very bad time of it—and it will be a marvellous tribute to his tact and ingenuity if he manages to steer the ship through the storm. We are inclined, however, to have our money on him; but at best it will be only a patched-up peace. *The days of the Coalition are numbered.*

Is Your Home Worth a Thought? See page ii of cover.

In the Parks.

Although there is a by-law prohibiting the sale of periodicals and the making of collections in the London parks, we learn that it is a law frequently dishonoured in the breach thereof. Anything in the shape of seditious or Socialistic "literature" is openly hawked, and, according to a park constable, the vendors have a special permit from the L.C.C. On one Sunday, we are told, a man in Finsbury Park was collecting money to help—so he said—the strike on the Clyde. Is there some L.C. Councillor interested enough to inquire why these things be? Because they certainly should not be.

An Echo.

There can be no doubt that, as one M.P. put it, Mr. McKenna will burn his fingers over this match business. He might just as well tax pins—when, of course, we should have the obvious joke about pin-pricks. The present generation has almost forgotten the row of forty years ago, when Mr. Lowe proposed a similar impost. Many of the girl match-makers who then paraded and "processed" are to-day grandmothers, having transferred their attention to "matches" of another kind, and done their best to respond to the well-known appeal to "support home industries."

Bobby Lowe's Retort.

By the way, we remember being present, as a youthful politician, at a meeting in the old St. James's Hall, in those days. Lord Morley was a comparatively young man, and was standing for the old borough of Westminster, and one of the speakers was Mr. Lowe. He was dilating upon the achievements of the Liberal Ministry, and said: "Look what we have done for the workers," when a "Voice" interrupted—"Taxed matches." "No," came the prompt response, "that is one of the things we did *not* do"—which was a neat way of referring to his abandonment of the project.

The Interloper.

Imagine the indignation among workers at a big munitions factory at Erith when a "German-Swiss" was dumped among them as a turner! The only language the man can speak is Germhun, and he is said to have worked for 21 years in Zurich under Germhun taskmasters. Apparently the managers of the firm are satisfied with the man's credentials, but his mates are not. They dislike the idea of working alongside one whose tongue is Hunnish, whatever his heart may be—nor do we blame them. We should feel like that ourselves.

The Kiddies' Cake.

One of the picture papers prints a couple of photographs of little girls and boys walking two by two, something wrapped in paper being carried by a couple of the girls. The explanatory letter-press is illuminating—and distressing:—"Children from the Poor-law Home, Neasden Lane, taking their weekly allowance of cake to the military hospital near by. In order to make this present to the wounded soldiers they deny themselves the only thing they can give, and thus display the true spirit of self-sacrifice." Consider the flat, brutal truth of it. These mites are workhouse children—orphans, probably, most of them. Their bleak, bare little lives are gladdened once a week by one single luxury, a slice of Poor-law cake. And somebody has told them how noble is the spirit of self-sacrifice, and once a week they are cajoled into making an unnecessary gift. Surely the neighbourhood could provide the cake for the soldiers without robbing these children. And surely the soldiers cannot know the humiliating facts, or they would prefer dry bread.

The Patrol Boat.

"One on Patrol" tells us that the life is not all honey, a fact of which we were well assured. Nobody doubts how hard the duty is, nor how perfectly, on the whole, it is performed. Complaints regarding the number of lost fishing-smacks ignore the fact that the numbers would be larger if it were not for the protection of the patrols, while some losses have resulted in instances where the smacks, daring but over-rash, have gone out beyond the limited distance fixed by the Admiralty and, so doing, have placed themselves out of touch with the patrols. The more one learns the truth, the more one appreciates the hazards cheerfully run by this most competent branch of sea service.

Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

The Mayor of Swansea has issued a couple of handbills, each being in such diametrical opposition to the other that the citizens must be highly perturbed in mind. Both bills bear the same date, both are headed "War Economies." One says:—"The Town Council earnestly urge all shopkeepers to keep separate all cardboard and paper from other shop refuse, and to place the same in bags, for which there is a ready sale." Every load of paper saved means an economy of "about 5s." The second circular says:—"The Town Council earnestly urge all householders to reduce their house refuse by burning . . . all paper and cardboard." And burning it, will, if you please, save another 5s. Swansea is now cleft into two camps, burners and savers, and a deputation is to "earnestly urge" upon the Mayor the indubitable fact that he cannot have it both ways.

The Straw Hattitude.

There is a man in Luton who wants to kick the Government, because of their attitude in the matter of hats. Premising that Luton is built on straw hats as Rome is built on the Seven Hills, and that our friend has seen the advertisement of a Manchester firm offering ladies' fashionable straw hats made in double-ply Swiss barn-yard straw, this is his worry: "Now, sir, we are asked to keep money in this country. We are told that ships cannot be spared to bring even all the raw materials we want for our industries; yet, I presume the foreigner has to be paid for these hats, and that ships have to be utilised to bring them over here. Each one of these hats imported means one less for us to make. Each of our workers is a taxpayer, and therefore a unit of that industrial army which makes those silver bullets we are told will win the war. We are trying to help the Government. Is the Government helping us? I should be glad to have your opinion." Not if we know it. Wild horses would not drag us into that controversy.

The Transport Tangle Again.

No Briton would grumble on the score of expense at any step calculated to assist the speedy relief of General Townshend, so pluckily keeping the foe at bay at Kut—but when wastefulness is added to delay which endangers the safety of our troops, the taxpayer is entitled to kick. Light draught steamers were needed on the Tigris to assist our relief force, and three of the London County Council river boats were accordingly acquired by the Government. A responsible firm, used to the work, offered to put the vessels in seaworthy order, take them to Bussorah, and find all crews and stores, for about £2,500 each. This way of doing things was too simple for the Transport Department, who preferred to take the job in hand themselves. We know not the fate of two of the boats, but the last we have heard of the other is that she is still in Plymouth, top-heavy, owing to the Admiralty officials not knowing how to adapt her to her new duties, another department of the Government—the Board of Trade—actually having to intervene to prevent her sailing in an unseaworthy condition.

A Gem of a Pen—The "John Bull" Pen.

Shropshires in Sydney.

This is not the only country where German prisoners are pampered, to the detriment of our own men. Sydney, New South Wales, is guilty, according to its own press, of lodging the Shropshire Territorials in stables, while German prisoners have "comforts, conveniences, and even luxurious conditions of life in camp." This, also, has quite a homely touch:—"German sergeant-majors employed in our Customs and military! Who is the traitor responsible for their employment?" We thought things were done better at the Antipodes.

A Parsonal Question.

In his parish magazine the Rev. Obadiah Rhodes, Vicar of Newbeggin, is nasty because he cannot get sufficient of a crowd into church for early Sunday service. "The people about the doors taking in their milk have vacant, sleepy expressions on their faces as if they had been dissipated the night before," he asserts. Apart from the fact that many of his parishioners not only look, but feel sleepy while taking in the milk, because they have been working on munitions at nights, he evidently owes his parishioners an apology. He has no right to charge them with being drunk on Saturday nights because they look drowsy on Sunday mornings. Even a professional pietist is under obligation to keep a civil tongue.

Wail of a Widow.

One of these lovely mornings it may be that the Lord really will temper the wind to the shorn widow, to say nothing of other people too numerous to indicate. A lady who lost her husband and son during the last Boer War writes us lamenting that while the usual tax on earned income is deducted from the pension of her husband's rank, on a small annuity of £100 which she has managed to purchase "the full 5s. in the £ income tax on unearned income will be deducted at the source, and used by the Government for a whole year before I can reclaim. This is more than inconvenient, and is hardly honest, is it?" The case is typical of thousands of people with small means. Mr. McKenna gruels them very hard, and very unfairly, and though we should not like to stigmatise this method of flaying the goose which lays the golden eggs as dishonest, we have not the slightest scruple in describing it as naughty.

Oh, For——!

You know the rest. Here is one of the latest illustrations of the text, vouched for by one of our readers:—

> About one dozen firms who were doing parts of shells were written to recently that in future every firm would have to begin and finish their own shells. A time was fixed for these manufacturers to meet a gentleman from the War Office at a Midland hotel. The manufacturers had met before the time thus appointed and arranged the price to ask. At the stated hour that War Office representative arrived, and at once said: "Well, gentlemen, we need not discuss prices. The War Office have had all prices and actual cost to make this shell at Woolwich, and I am to say the price we shall pay for this shell will be so much." The Chairman of the Manufacturers said: "Well, sir, this is rather staggering; will you allow us to retire and consider price offered?" The War Office official replied: "Oh, yes." They went downstairs. The Chairman said: "Well, gentlemen, this is rather surprising; I propose we have drinks round." A private room was engaged, and the drinks were brought in, and each paid for his own. After this the Chairman proposed that they had another drink each. This was done, and paid for by each one as in first case. The Chairman then said: "Well, gentlemen, we are all so staggered by this War Official's offer that I thought we had better have a drink on it. I propose to accept the price offered, seeing it is 25 *per cent. higher than the* PRICE WE HAD DECIDED TO ASK *for the shells.*"

What says Mr. Munitions?

More Munitions

The dilution of labour is very nice in theory—here is an illustration of it in practice: An artist, thrown out of an engagement by the war, obtained employment at Woolwich, being put on piece-work. Next to him in the shop is a practical trained engineer, who has been at the trade ever since his apprenticeship, and works a complicated lathe, drawing a wage of £4 a week. Our artist friend—whose duties are to stand by, wipe the shells and fuse-cap, and apply a coat of varnish to the finished product—receives from a grateful nation an average of £11 a week. No wonder the skilled men grumble!

Gasper and Groom

Surely the quaintest of all applications for exemption was that made at Melton Mowbray by Mr. G. Coats, of Burton Hall, who pleaded for his stud-groom. Should the groom go, poor Mr. Coats fears he will get no riding or hunting! He suffers from bronchitis, emphysema and shortness of breath, and he needs that groom to ride for ever and aye by his side, ready to grab his horse's bridle when his wind gives out. He would not feel safe with an older man; only to that one vigilant stud-groom could he trust his wheezy, emphysematous, broken-bellowsed body. Alas! the Tribunal turned a deaf ear to the recital of his bronchial woes, and the groom goes to serve his country instead of remaining to hold a horse's head whenever Mr. Coats might cough. On what a slender thread did Mr. Coats' joy depend! He will have to ride a rocking-horse now.

A Town Clerk in Luck.

Even so exalted a personage as a Town Clerk must bow beneath the fiat of the law, or the law will know the reason why. Let us hope this lesson has by now been learned by James Jardin, Esquire, the Town Clerk of Morpeth, and that the iron of punishment has entered into his soul—if Town Clerks have such things. James was summoned at the Petty Sessions, that are well-nigh his own, for having failed to obscure the lighting of his dwelling-house. A policeman saw the lights, and spent half an hour endeavouring to arouse the inmates, without avail. The lights burned till six o'clock in the morning. As an offence against the Lighting Regulations it seems a pretty bad case, and it was not bettered by a display of contempt for the Court, for James did not deign to appear. Such a summons was, perhaps, beneath his notice, and it was very nearly beneath the notice of the Magistrates also, for the fine inflicted was the meagre one of 10s.—"half-a-james" only for James to pay. Others offenders paying £5 or £10 may well sigh to be Town Clerks.

Penalising the Brave.

"Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed," is a wise saw; but in some instances expectation is justified. In proof whereof we cite the case of a soldier who, after "doing his bit" for fourteen months in France, was discharged from the Army "medically unfit," and, being an engineer by trade, betook himself to a certain munitions works somewhere in Glasgow. Finding that his mates were receiving a war bonus of three shillings weekly, he naturally expected to be handed a similar sum with his pay. Not a bit of it. Because he had joined the firm after a certain date, he was not allowed to come into the bonus scheme. Which strikes us as strange; for the butcher, the baker and candlestick-maker demand from discharged Tommies who have stood for fourteen months in the imminent, deadly breach, just as much for their respective commodities as they require from munitions workers who have drawn fat pay in safety for the like period. Through "doing his bit" the hero has lost his bonus. 'Tis a queer world!

Enter Your Child in "Everywoman's" Beauty Competition.

Charities and Salaries.

When you have given your pounds or your shillings or your pence to the P.O.W. Fund; when you have supported flag days and collections and entertainments, and cheerfully contributed as much as you can afford, or perhaps more, you really have some small interest in the way the money goes. West Ham Council proffers you a shining example. It has inaugurated its scheme for the administration of the fund under the War Pensions Act by appointing a Secretary at £1,750 a year, and an Accountant at a commencing salary of £400. If, as is hinted, other Councils behave similarly, it is pretty evident that the people's subscriptions stand a fair chance of being administered out of existence.

Reward of Merritt.

Here, there and round about are abundant signs that the Government have already begun to issue rewards to the soldiers of the King. One of their recent efforts to put heart into the boys at the front is illustrated by the story of William Merritt, of Comyn Road, Clapham Junction. Merritt joined up at the beginning of the war, "and after being twice wounded was granted a pension of 4s. 8d. a week." Merritt is now dead; and at the inquest it was stated that "his mother earned 7s. 6d. a week, and the two lived on 12s. 6d. a week"; also that "the family are too poor to pay for Merritt's burial." So that's all right. Rattle his bones over the stones—he's only *a soldier*—whom nobody owns.

That Picture—and This.

That is a dead warrior; here is a live one, discovered in the *Yorkshire Post*: "Young fellow, 25, gentleman, tall, dark, retiring disposition (in Naval Group) longs to meet with pretty, modest, sincere, common-sensed, interesting, lovable girl, with high ideals, view to matrimony; girl must have good means, as he has only a few hundreds saved, but very good family connections." He likewise appears to have a very good cheek, but this may run in the family. May we respectfully ask how he does his hair?

"Medically Unfit."

A Medical Examiner of Recruits supplies some explanations about men, once labelled as medically unfit, who are now passed into the Army. In the first place, the standards of height, chest, sight, etc., have been constantly altered, and recruits rejected on any one of these grounds might now easily fill the bill. In the early days, battalion Medical Officers insisted on perfect men for a perfect Army of the old style, and many thousands of men were turned down for defects that are now disregarded. Our doctor friend goes more into detail than we can spare space for, and certainly makes out a good case for his contention that a man certified medically unfit 18 months ago is quite possibly fit for duty to-day.

A Slander Slinger.

The Independent Labour Party possesses a fitting member in the person of Mr. W. Straker, Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association. Of course he is against the war, and of course he slanders the soldier. Speaking at Stanley, he remarked:—"The first rush of soldiers came, as far as his observation went, from the low streets and slums." And his next sentence was by way of apology, as though he thought he had better eat his words and be quick about it:—"Of course he did not say that the soldiers generally were of that calibre." A speaker does not often tell an untruth and disavow it in two consecutive sentences, but the feat seemed easy to Mr. Straker. And, after all, what kind of a "Labour" man is it who complains that all soldiers are not born aristocrats?

"Breeches."

The tailoress who told us that Government pays 25s. a pair for khaki breeches which cost the contractor only 3s. 6d. to make must correct her figures, for she has been misinformed. The price paid is 15s., and the cost of materials, which must be purchased from the R.A.C. Department, is 12s. 11d. Waste cuttings valued at 4d. reduce the figures to 12s. 7d., and this leaves a sum of 2s. 5d. to cover the pay of cutters, machinists, finishers and other workpeople, rent, rates, light, heat, insurance, cartage, etc., etc. After these payments are made—all that is left over is profit! We may add that the figures quoted above are verified from an official schedule of prices, and they prove that the breeches-maker, at all events, is not robbing the public.

More about "Specials."

Southend Specials have their causes for complaint, and we have ventilated some of them, but their position is like Paradise when compared with their brother bobbies of Burnham-on-Crouch. Men there, who have done duty since 1914, had to wait twelve months for armlet, truncheon and whistle of their own, being obliged to borrow the articles from those they relieved. No coats have been theirs—no boots, no caps, no guineas! There were four old capes between 80 men, and four lamps—oil lamps—but no oil pad nor belt. In the winter of 1914 they subscribed to pay off a debt for refills to torchlights, but now they have to tramp their nightly path of duty with no light at all! From the Specials' point of view, Burnham is not on the Crouch, but on the Cheap—taking a mean advantage of good men.

Hospitals in Egypt.

The soldier who wrote us that "there is never any distribution of free cigarettes in Egyptian hospitals" is flatly contradicted by a steward at the biggest of those institutions. From April 30th, 1915, cigarettes and tobacco were, to his knowledge, supplied in large quantities to patients by the Red Cross Society, and from September 16th by the A.S.C., at the rate of 2 ozs. of tobacco or cigarettes per patient weekly, weighed without the cardboard covers. Every soldier in Egypt receives a similar quantity, with two boxes of matches, as part of his rations. Our friend the steward also says that, as regards comforts and luxuries, "no other nation on earth treats the wounded and sick so well." He encloses an official kitchen chart of the diet supplied for a month to 1,500 patients, and we are glad to say the list of good things made our mouth water. The wounded deserve the best of everything, and they get it, in Egypt.

The Kultured German.

At Madison Square Garden, one of the most famous show-places in New York, the Germans ran a bazaar—for sweet charity. Innocent enjoyment was provided for thousands of simple Germans in the shape of a shooting gallery, where the targets were effigies of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotsmen, and Russians. Much the most popular figure—for shooting at—was that of a wounded man on crutches. There were no representations of women or children to be slaughtered in effigy, or the takings would have been bigger still, while one feels that a Red Cross Hospital, to be bombed, would have been a howling success. It is all so characteristic of the amiable, kultured Hun. Read these lines written by a German soldier to a girl in Germany:—"Dear Greti Mayer,—I bayoneted seven women and four girls in five minutes. . . . I bayoneted them and did not shoot them, this herd of sows." What people to be "friendly" with, after the war!

If Afraid of a Raid.

See page ii of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

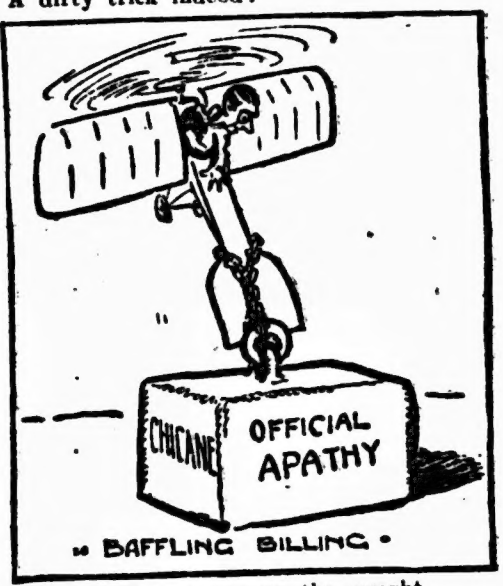
To call them "differences" is
Polite but foolish fiction;
When Air Committees act like this
You bet that there's "some" friction.

The prime apostle of Delay
Serenely slumbers on;
He'll maybe waken up some day—
When the occasion's gone!

"No expert business brains required,"
Appears the Army's creed;
So Business men at once are "fired"—
A dirty trick indeed!

Oh, tidings of great joy and cheer!
The Liquor Board have stated
They've brewed a pure, teetotal beer
Which makes none elevated!

The Paris Conference on Trade
By Hughes will be attended,
But by red tape, we're much afraid,
His soul will be offended.



Will Billing overcome the weight
Which so impedes his mission
To serve, whole-heartedly, the State
And clear the air position?

"If I Were a Woman!"

Under this title we are endeavouring to indicate, in the columns of *Everywoman's*, how we feel the war would appeal to us if we had had the good luck to be born of the Junior Sex. Perhaps you will mention the matter to the missus.

Messrs. Skin, Flint and Co.

For open-handed liberality commend us to a firm at Uttoxeter, who applied for the exemption of a clerk. This admirable servant translated letters in ten languages, had special knowledge that enabled him to make out 300 invoices in a day, could do the work of three or four ordinary clerks, had been with them eleven years—and they paid him 32s. a week. We make bold to say that he earns it.

Why?

Why, when Magistrates are inflicting fines on the occupants of railway carriages for not drawing blinds at night, is the Metropolitan Railway Company allowed to run what is practically a three-minute service to Neasden, Willesden Green and Harrow, without one train in the service being fitted with blinds or curtains of any description, excepting in some of the steam-type trains which run beyond Harrow? An early answer will oblige.

A Minister of Health.

Why not? Or must we wait for the Business Government? At present there are half-a-dozen departments tinkering with that *salus populi*, which is said to be *suprema lex*. But the head of the medical ministry *must* not be a lawyer.

Hard on the Interned.

The House of Lords has decided that shipowners are not bound to pay wages to their men interned in Germany. Consider, then, the cruel hardship inflicted on an imprisoned ship's captain, with no income for his wife and family, removed to a sanatorium as a prisoner, 8 marks daily being paid by the Germans for his keep, and he compelled to sign a voucher promising to repay the money to our Government. The puzzle is, How can he do it?

With a Pinch of Salt

At the secret assembly at Devonshire House, Mr. Philip Snowden gushed over his pets, the Conscientious Objectors. He announced, "I am proud of these lads." Leaving out negligible things like Clifford Allen, Duckers, and Brockway, he stands solitary in his pride, and we would be content to leave him to it. But when he claims that his slackers are "the salt of the earth," he falls into foolery and makes a comparison that is rude to both salt and soil.

He is well armed who carries a "John Bull" Pen.

Charities and Salaries.

When you have given your pounds or your shillings or your pence to the P.O.W. Fund; when you have supported flag days and collections and entertainments, and cheerfully contributed as much as you can afford, or perhaps more, you really have some small interest in the way the money goes. West Ham Council proffers you a shining example. It has inaugurated its scheme for the administration of the fund under the War Pensions Act by appointing a Secretary at £1,750 a year, and an Accountant at a commencing salary of £400. If, as is hinted, other Councils behave similarly, it is pretty evident that the people's subscriptions stand a fair chance of being administered out of existence.

Reward of Merritt.

Here, there and round about are abundant signs that the Government have already begun to issue rewards to the soldiers of the King. One of their recent efforts to put heart into the boys at the front is illustrated by the story of William Merritt, of Comyn Road, Clapham Junction. Merritt joined up at the beginning of the war, "and after being twice wounded was granted a pension of 4s. 8d. a week." Merritt is now dead; and at the inquest it was stated that "his mother earned 7s. 6d. a week, and the two lived on 12s. 6d. a week"; also that "the family are too poor to pay for Merritt's burial." So that's all right. Rattle his bones over the stones—he's only *a soldier*—whom nobody owns.

That Picture—and This.

That is a dead warrior; here is a live one, discovered in the *Yorkshire Post*: "Young fellow, 25, gentleman, tall, dark, retiring disposition (in Naval Group) longs to meet with pretty, modest, sincere, common-sensed, interesting, lovable girl, with high ideals, view to matrimony; girl must have good means, as he has only a few hundreds saved, but very good family connections." He likewise appears to have a very good cheek, but this may run in the family. May we respectfully ask how he does his hair?

"Medically Unfit."

A Medical Examiner of Recruits supplies some explanations about men, once labelled as medically unfit, who are now passed into the Army. In the first place, the standards of height, chest, sight, etc., have been constantly altered, and recruits rejected on any one of these grounds might now easily fill the bill. In the early days, battalion Medical Officers insisted on perfect men for a perfect Army of the old style, and many thousands of men were turned down for defects that are now disregarded. Our doctor friend goes more into detail than we can spare space for, and certainly makes out a good case for his contention that a man certified medically unfit 18 months ago is quite possibly fit for duty to-day.

A Slander Slinger.

The Independent Labour Party possesses a fitting member in the person of Mr. W. Straker, Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association. Of course he is against the war, and of course he slanders the soldier. Speaking at Stanley, he remarked:—"The first rush of soldiers came, as far as his observation went, from the low streets and slums." And his next sentence was by way of apology, as though he thought he had better eat his words and be quick about it:—"Of course he did not say that the soldiers generally were of that calibre." A speaker does not often tell an untruth and disavow it in two consecutive sentences, but the feat seemed easy to Mr. Straker. And, after all, what kind of a "Labour" man is it who complains that all soldiers are not born aristocrats?

"Breeches."

The tailoress who told us that Government pays 25s. a pair for khaki breeches which cost the contractor only 3s. 6d. to make must correct her figures, for she has been misinformed. The price paid is 15s., and the cost of materials, which must be purchased from the R.A.C. Department, is 12s. 11d. Waste cuttings valued at 4d. reduce the figures to 12s. 7d., and this leaves a sum of 2s. 5d. to cover the pay of cutters, machinists, finishers and other workpeople, rent, rates, light, heat, insurance, cartage, etc., etc. After these payments are made—all that is left over is profit! We may add that the figures quoted above are verified from an official schedule of prices, and they prove that the breeches-maker, at all events, is not robbing the public.

More about "Specials."

Southend Specials have their causes for complaint, and we have ventilated some of them, but their position is like Paradise when compared with their brother bobbies of Burnham-on-Crouch. Men there, who have done duty since 1914, had to wait twelve months for armlet, truncheon and whistle of their own, being obliged to borrow the articles from those they relieved. No coats have been theirs—no boots, no caps, no guineas! There were four old capes between 80 men, and four lamps—oil lamps—but no oil pad nor belt. In the winter of 1914 they subscribed to pay off a debt for refills to torchlights, but now they have to tramp their nightly path of duty with no light at all! From the Specials' point of view, Burnham is not on the Crouch, but on the Cheap—taking a mean advantage of good men.

Hospitals in Egypt.

The soldier who wrote us that "there is never any distribution of free cigarettes in Egyptian hospitals" is flatly contradicted by a steward at the biggest of those institutions. From April 30th, 1915, cigarettes and tobacco were, to his knowledge, supplied in large quantities to patients by the Red Cross Society, and from September 16th by the A.S.C., at the rate of 2 ozs. of tobacco or cigarettes per patient weekly, weighed without the cardboard covers. Every soldier in Egypt receives a similar quantity, with two boxes of matches, as part of his rations. Our friend the steward also says that, as regards comforts and luxuries, "no other nation on earth treats the wounded and sick so well." He encloses an official kitchen chart of the diet supplied for a month to 1,500 patients, and we are glad to say the list of good things made our mouth water. The wounded deserve the best of everything, and they get it, in Egypt.

The Kultured German.

At Madison Square Garden, one of the most famous show-places in New York, the Germans ran a bazaar—for sweet charity. Innocent enjoyment was provided for thousands of simple Germans in the shape of a shooting gallery, where the targets were effigies of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotsmen, and Russians. Much the most popular figure—for shooting at—was that of a wounded man on crutches. There were no representations of women or children to be slaughtered in effigy, or the takings would have been bigger still, while one feels that a Red Cross Hospital, to be bombed, would have been a howling success. It is all so characteristic of the amiable, kultured Hun. Read these lines written by a German soldier to a girl in Germany:—"Dear Greti Mayer,—I bayoneted seven women and four girls in five minutes. . . . I bayoneted them and did not shoot them, this herd of sows." What people to be "friendly" with, after the war!

If Afraid of a Raid. **See page ii of cover.**

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

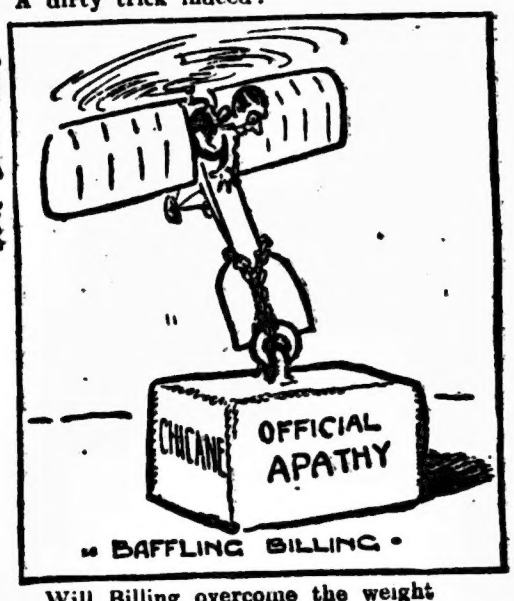
To call them "differences" is
Polite but foolish fiction;
When Air Committees act like this
You bet that there's "some" friction.

The prime apostle of Delay
Serenely slumbers on;
He'll maybe waken up some day—
When the occasion's gone!

"No expert business brains required,"
Appears the Army's creed;
So Business men at once are "fired"—
A dirty trick indeed!

Oh, tidings of great joy and cheer!
The Liquor Board have stated
They've brewed a pure, teetotal beer
Which makes none elevated!

The Paris Conference on Trade
By Hughes will be attended,
But by red tape, we're much afraid,
His soul will be offended.



Will Billing overcome the weight
Which so impedes his mission
To serve, whole-heartedly, the State
And clear the air position?

"If I Were a Woman!"

Under this title we are endeavouring to indicate, in the columns of *Everywoman's*, how we feel the war would appeal to us if we had had the good luck to be born of the Junior Sex. Perhaps you will mention the matter to the missus.

Messrs. Skin, Flint and Co.

For open-handed liberality commend us to a firm at Uttoxeter, who applied for the exemption of a clerk. This admirable servant translated letters in ten languages, had special knowledge that enabled him to make out 300 invoices in a day, could do the work of three or four ordinary clerks, had been with them eleven years—and they paid him 32s. a week. We make bold to say that he earns it.

Why?

Why, when Magistrates are inflicting fines on the occupants of railway carriages for not drawing blinds at night, is the Metropolitan Railway Company allowed to run what is practically a three-minute service to Neasden, Willesden Green and Harrow, without one train in the service being fitted with blinds or curtains of any description, excepting in some of the steam-type trains which run beyond Harrow? An early answer will oblige.

A Minister of Health.

Why not? Or must we wait for the Business Government! At present there are half-a-dozen departments tinkering with that *salus populi*, which is said to be *suprema lex*. But the head of the medical ministry *must* not be a lawyer.

Hard on the Interned.

The House of Lords has decided that shipowners are not bound to pay wages to their men interned in Germany. Consider, then, the cruel hardship inflicted on an imprisoned ship's captain, with no income for his wife and family, removed to a sanatorium as a prisoner, 8 marks daily being paid by the Germans for his keep, and he compelled to sign a voucher promising to repay the money to our Government. The puzzle is, How can he do it?

With a Pinch of Salt

At the secret assembly at Devonshire House, Mr. Philip Snowden gushed over his pets, the Conscientious Objectors. He announced, "I am proud of these lads." Leaving out negligible things like Clifford Allen, Duckers, and Brockway, he stands solitary in his pride, and we would be content to leave him to it. But when he claims that his slackers are "the salt of the earth," he falls into foolery and makes a comparison that is rude to both salt and soil.

He is well armed who carries a "John Bull" Pen.

TRUCE OR TREASON?

THE CANT OF THE COALITION—A "CAPITAL JOKE."

BY THE EDITOR.

This week our cartoonist, in one of his happiest hits, sums up the Cant of the Coalition as a "Capital Joke"—adapting the well-known picture of that title, of the two monks splitting their sides with laughter. But it is a grim joke, all the same. And the public are growing just a little weary of it; it is becoming a political "Chestnut," and will soon be quite stale. Personally, as I have often said, I wish it were possible to keep the present Government going, somehow or the other, till after the war; but the idea is gradually assuming a hopeless aspect. They are *such* a poor lot—and the mixing up of the various Parties into one composite Ministry has served only to emphasise the inherent incompetence of its component parts. What *are* we to do with them? There is but one remedy at this critical period of our history. *The King must rule in Council.* I have already suggested the ideal composition of the Council, and if only his Majesty would take the initiative, he would have the whole nation—the whole Empire—with him. It is a bold suggestion, I know—but only a bold policy will pull us through.

THE CANT OF THE COALITION.

But I fear it is too much to hope for. The King has been nurtured, like his immediate predecessors, in the school of "Constitutional Monarchy"—which is an euphonious phrase for Monarchial Neutrality; and he may well hesitate to break away from the traditions of his Royal House—at least until the clarion call of his people leaves no doubt as to his duty. We must, therefore, for the present, reconcile ourselves to a continuance of the farce and fraud called Popular Government, and make the best of it. To-day, under the Coalition Compact, we are getting the worst of it. Never were a people being better fooled. The "Party Truce," and "United Front," and "National Unity" cries are downright, unadulterated, arrant humbug—a cunning device to keep the game going till the old professional players can resume their previous positions. Meanwhile they "pool" their consciences and their pay! And they enter into a solemn league and covenant to "keep the home fires burning," by dishing every independent candidature at a by-election and retaining their own nominees in Parliament till the time comes to resume the sham fights of the past. It is a sorry scandal. Isn't it time we saw an end of this make-believe? It is a sham situation; it perpetuates the weakness of the Ministry and prevents any effective action by the House of Commons. While the Cabinet have pooled their salaries, the Parties have pooled their honesty. What is the result? Any man who dares to speak the truth or tries to "ginger" the Government into doing something really strong and useful in the conduct of the war is howled down by the hacks and is described as a traitor to the Truce by the faithful ones. Really, I am quite sick of all this sham sentiment—this discreditable masquerade. When the war burst upon us I raised my voice for national unity—I used my pen in advocating trust in the Government. But the Liberal Ministry, which began the job, couldn't stay the course, and as an act of self-preservation they made terms with the Opposition—or, as Mr. Asquith would prefer to say, they invited the co operation of the Unionists. Even then there was a patriotic desire on the part of all of us to support the change. "Trust Asquith" gave place to "Trust the Coalition." Hoping for the best, we looked upon the reshuffling of Cabinet appointments with amused interest. We noticed that all the limelight offices—all the posts which loomed large in the public eye—were retained by Liberal Ministers, and we made note of the fact that the Unionists, with perhaps the single exception of the First Lord of the Admiralty, were relegated to the less spectacular positions.

MOUTH CLOSED—HANDS TIED.

But even that was in a measure understandable. The Liberals had been in office before the war; they were in power when the war burst upon a startled nation and an unprepared Government, and perhaps it was only right that the more important offices should still remain in Liberal hands. What was not foreseen by the country, although I pay the Prime Minister the compliment of clearly anticipating the result, was that the Coalition merely added to the Party truce Parliamentary Impotence. Let it be remembered that the truce did not mean that the mouth of Parliament was to be closed and the hands of members tied. It merely decreed that all those questions which, against the horrible mountain of war, become as small and ridiculous as mice, should be forgotten, or at any rate ignored, until we had settled accounts and put "paid" to the bill with the horrible Hun. It was merely a truce from the ordinary, and in the main feeble, controversies which, for want of something better to do, the politicians had exaggerated into questions of supreme importance. How small and unworthy they all appear to-day! The Welsh Church Bill—who gives a thought to-day to that miserable squabble between Anglican and Nonconformist? Home Rule—who will dare to say that *that* fight can ever again be raised to the level of a national question when Redmondite and Carsonite, Nationalist and Ulsterman have mingled their blood in the trenches of Flanders and shared undying glory on the sandy shores of Gallipoli? That was what the Party truce meant; it meant an end to the mean squabbles which disgraced political life before the war; it never meant, and it was never intended to mean, that the voice of the nation was to be silenced and that the voter was to be robbed of his rights and his power, just because certain gentlemen at Westminster found themselves in a war which they must have known was coming but of which they were afraid to tell the people before it burst upon a startled and bewildered Britain. I say, without fear of contradiction, that the so-called Party Truce was a Parliamentary convenience and

nothing more. To use it as the Coalition are trying to use it, to prevent the nation expressing its views whenever a bye-election gives the opportunity, is to play a trick on the electorate and to deprive the People of their right to use the only constitutional means available for recording their opinion on the conduct of the war. And is there a man to day who is free to declare his views—I mean the ordinary, honest citizen, not the man who is silenced by a salary or by "honours"—who can really say he is satisfied with the condition of things, and is ready to give a blank cheque to his Majesty's Government?

National Dissatisfaction.

Consider the position as it is to-day. Is it reasonable to expect any thinking man to be satisfied with the way in which his Majesty's Ministers are fulfilling their very grave responsibilities? There is no aspect of the war which justifies the Government in declaring that they not only deserve but command the confidence of the nation. And I will go further and say there is no phase of the war in which decisive action on the part of Ministers has not been brought about as the direct result of public agitation and newspaper criticism. The Don't-humiliate-Germhuny party are still in the ascendant in the counsels of the Government; and unless the people bestir themselves and tell the Cabinet plainly that they will stand this foolery and feebleness no longer, we shall not only disappoint our Allies, but we shall see the hated enemy dumping his dirty goods in our markets once more after the war, and robbing British labour of its legitimate fruits of victory.

The Nation Ahead of the Government.

Those unimaginative politicians and those partizan newspapers who seem to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since August, 1914, are congratulating themselves that Mr. McKenna has produced a Budget which maintains all the worst features of "Free Trade" and introduces none of the healthy elements of a form of tariff deliberately designed to defeat the enemy in trade and commerce. I predict that their triumph will be short-lived. The country will soon insist upon a Business Budget. Then recruiting. Here is a muddle if you like. It is a muddle which jeopardises our position and our responsibilities towards our Allies; and unless a speedy way out is found, may risk our triumphant part in the war. The time is past for splitting hairs—the hour is too late to waste breath in debating nice points of honour and understanding. The Government may have treated the married men with scant courtesy and less candour. What really matters is that we have given a solemn undertaking to France to maintain a certain great force in the field. If we can fulfil our pledged word only by an extension of the Military Service Act and so demanding the help of every man of military age, then in the name of all that counts for common sense let us get on with the job. To let "I dare not" wait upon "I would" is to court defeat. In every branch of war we want quick decisions and prompt action. When the Unionist leaders met their supporters nearly twelve months ago and eagerly endeavoured to justify the step they were taking in joining a Coalition Government, they put the case in its true and patriotic light. Mr. Bonar Law then declared, with admirable candour, that the Coalition could succeed only "if the Government realises that it is the Government of the nation, that it is entitled to act with the strength of a Government which has the nation behind it." Yet what do we find? That the nation instead of being "behind" it has been in front of the Government all the time, and that only after repeated prods have his Majesty's Ministers been spurred into action.

> "If there is to be any question of one Party will not stand this, and the other Party will not stand that; if there is to be any question except what is best to end this war, then this Coalition will be a dismal failure, and . . will ruin not only those who are members of it, but it will be ruinous to our country as well."

That is another quotation from the speech of the present Colonial Secretary when he was excusing or justifying his action in joining a Coalition Government. Will anyone say that the history of the last eleven months has not been the history of a Coalition which has thought more of pleasing friends than of fighting foes; and who will dare to assert that the Coalition has proved other than a dismal failure?

Pressing Air Problem.

But the curious thing is that even in the serious matter of our defensive and offensive in the air, where surely Party can have no place, the record of the Government is a record of criminal unpreparedness on the outbreak of war, and of worse than criminal neglect since the Hun has been battering at us from above. It is not possible to over-estimate the significance of the resignations of Lord Derby and Lord Montagu from the Joint Air Committee. I knew and I warned my readers what was going to happen. I knew that there was confusion and dissatisfaction in the Committee; and knowing as I did that these two gentlemen were better patriots than politicians, their resignations from that sham body were inevitable. It is indeed a serious state of things when in the 20th month of war, after repeated air raids which have brought death and destruction, his Majesty's Ministers deliberately deceive the public by setting up a Committee which can do nothing. Lord Montagu has bluntly told the nation that neither he nor Lord Derby was prepared to be a party to this fraud; hence their resignations. Surely that will be an eye-opener to the country. For months Ministers have toyed with this grave question. When the war started we at least could claim ascendency in the air for the battle-fields of France. To-day it is confessed by the Government—and a humiliating confession it is—that we have lost that ascendency.

An Impudent Fraud.

But that is not all. The country is made the subject of repeated attacks from the air, and all Ministers have done to meet the demand for a vigorous aerial offensive against the enemy was to appoint a Committee, the most distinguished member of which declares it a fraud—and, I add, an impudent fraud. There are those who believe that if we had a General Election we might clear the air and secure in the counsels of the nation men of energy, of courage, and of business ability, who would conduct the war on more warlike lines. But if this Party truce is to continue, a General Election would only perpetuate the fraud. Why, then, waste the time and money of the country at a moment of national crisis in one more farcical proceeding? No, this "truce" is partaking of the nature of treason to the best interests of the nation. Let us be done with it.

REMEMBER THE 25th!

A NEW HOLY DAY FOR THE ANZACS WHO DIED AT GALLIPOLI.

By A. G. Hales.

As long as the Empire lasts, April 25th will live in history; for on that day the men of Australia and New Zealand wrote in letters of blood a page in the book of nationhood that neither time nor change, nor the coming and going of generations of babes as yet unborn, can obliterate from the minds of men. They came from the land of eternal sun, those splendid children of the dawn—to prove to the world of an older civilisation that the glorious fires of chivalry and high ideals still burn in the souls of the sons of men. They were not mercenaries seeking the bubble reputation with the butcher's blade. They left their homes and plunged into the vortex of slaughter and sorrow because their spirits thrilled to the siren song of human freedom; and for freedom's sake they were ready to offer themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of the grim God of War. They came from lands whose coasts are washed by sunlit seas—from the lands where the wattle and the warratah bloom, from the lands of the open spaces where men have room to breathe and grow great with the greatness that comes from kinship with nature. They heard from afar the throb and beat of war drums—they heard of a nation grown gross with power, drunken with ambition, mad with the lust of conquest and world dominance. To their ears came the story of a little nation crushed beneath the heel of tyranny, and ravished Belgium's wrongs became their own. They came from their daily toil like young giants to give of their best—and how great their best was all the earth knows, for on Anzac Day the sandstone cliffs that guard Gallipoli were washed by the red rain that ran from their veins, and one more heroic epic was written in blood and steel.

How the Anzacs Came.

They heard the war-note on the winds, as they worked in the way-back places; the lonely bushman rounding up wild cattle, far from the haunts of his kin and kind, caught a faint echo flung afar, and coiled his stockwhip to his saddle and swung his good horse round and rode towards the sea where men were mustering, and they who had obeyed no law but their own wills all their lives gave themselves into the hands of drill sergeants to be welded into soldiers, as iron is welded between the hammer and the anvil. Prospectors seeking the precious metals in mountain gullies heard, as they sat o' nights beside the camp fires, of the call that was echoing round the world; pick and spade, hammer and drill, were tossed aside—forgotten was the hidden wealth locked in the rock-ribbed coffers of the grim mountain fastnesses; the freedom that belonged to the world—the freedom that was *their* heritage—was at stake in the carnival of war; the liberty of mankind was in the melting-pot, and in their hearts they held that freedom dearer than all the gold and silver the rude rocks cradled since the world was fashioned by the breath of God. With long, loose strides they swept the miles behind them, and marched with shining eyes and hearts aglow to the big centres where the clans were gathering; and the sound of their marching feet throbbed on the sentient air like the pulse beats of a proud young nation's heart, till all the southern hemisphere stirred to the spirit of the great endeavour. The cities that guard the wastes poured forth their thousands, and became armed camps crowded with young crusaders, filled with the spirit of the Holy Grail. Then came the call for which their blood was burning, the call to cross the seas and prove their love of freedom in the teeth of death. Stockman and wealthy squatter, prospector and merchant prince, artisan and banker—rich and poor, high and low, wedded together, a band of brothers, sons of an island and sons of a continent, New Zealand and Australia, swept Eastward, to build the name and fame of Anzac, and to make the world wonder. They landed in the Near East, and almost within the shadow of the Pyramids they were trained for the task that lay in front of them; and how they were trained only those who went through it know. Birdwood took them to pieces man by man, company by company, squadron by squadron; took them to pieces and wove them together again. The thumb of the potter was on the clay, but the clay was good and the thumb was strong. The General drove them—drove them—drove them—morning, noon and night he drove them, until they answered to his touch like a great ship to her helm; he did not spare them, and they loved him for it. He was measuring the might of their manhood to fit them for the hour when the eyes of the world would be on them, and he did not find them wanting. Then came Gallipoli, and the dawn of Anzac Day, and when the order ran like fire through flax, from ship to ship, for Anzac's sons to take those frowning cliffs, when death stood grinning from every niche and cleft and crag, the young crusaders leapt lion-like to the call of duty, though every man knew that someone had blundered. They knew that day would live in history and they swore beneath their breath to make it live for ever in a blaze of glory. Each man rushed for the peak of peril, each for the most dangerous post; it was emulation in its most glorious form. Their boats grounded in the growling surf, whose deep-noted monotone was deadened by the thunder of the enemy guns. The Southern crusaders leapt into the sea and ploughed their way ashore, though shot and shell fell in their riven ranks like leaves in an English orchard when the autumn gales hold high revel. Some of their best, their bravest, went down in the wild welter of death, the rest, peerless in their pride, rushed on. They reached the narrow strip of sand and rocks known as the beach of Gallipoli, and even as they reached the sands an enfilading fire from Turkish batteries broke loose and men fell like snowflakes in a storm. But Anzac valour could not be tamed by earth or hell. The forlorn hope swept on. They reached the cliffs, they scaled them, though lead and iron came in blasting waves and carried regiments into the shadows.

What Might Have Been.

They took those rugged heights, they drove the Turks like steers before their bayonets, they swept nearly across the death-strewn peninsula, and had Victory, and Gallipoli, in their grasp. Their supports failed them, and they had to fall back. That was Anzac Day, a day the Empire loves to think about. Then came the withdrawal of the troops and the surrender of all they had suffered for. Only the Anzacs know what they feel about that surrender. Send them a word of cheer on the 25th to show your hearts are with them. As for me, I still have hopes of Gallipoli, because I know the British temper. I see as in a dream the dawning of another day, a mighty host with bayonets bared, sweep over cliff and crag, and high above Gallipoli there waves our Empire's flag. I hear the throb of British drums, I see the blue steel gleam; the German flag is in the dust—*dead is the German dream.* The earthquake shout of victory is rending sea and sky, and the khaki host of Britain kneels to pay homage to the Anzac dead, the men who knew how to die—aye, and homage to the gallant lads who had the luck to go through it all and live. The dead and the living fought for an ideal, for liberty as they understood it, the liberty to think and act, work and strive like freemen—not for empire, not for trade, not for glory, but for the star-crowned Goddess of Liberty. God bless them! Let April 25th be a new Holy Day.

THE "FOOLS" WHO FOLLOW BOTTOMLEY.

By One of Them.

In this great Fools' Paradise of a nation there are several different species of fools. There are the fools who are soon parted from their unearned increment, the fools who think money is everything, and the pure and simple fools. There are other brands also, amongst them being the fools who are incapable of understanding that old-established conditions must of necessity be the best. It is of the latter brand I write, for of such is the kingdom of Bottomley. They are the beings who believe in practice rather than theory, common sense rather than dreams. Now, there is one great mistake made by the enemies of what I will term Bottomleyism. Socialists, Liberals and Unionists, if there are any of the two latter left, all make the same mistake. They imagine that Mr. Bottomley's ideas are, or have been, one-man ideas; just the product of his mind foisted on to others—the "fools" who follow Bottomley. Never was made a greater mistake. No man can coerce, terrorise or otherwise force an opinion on a people, least of all a British people. No paper can live which endeavours to lead a whole people into its views. That is why many papers, after a brief career, drop into obscurity. The successful paper is the one which interprets public opinion and gives voice to it. If John Bull had endeavoured to *manufacture* a public opinion, it would now have been as dead as Standard Bread. In the same way, the successful public man is he who interprets the thoughts and feelings which lie dormant in the back of the people's minds, and which they are not in a position to express for themselves. Every man cannot make known his views to the world. But the man who is in a position to do so in the pages of a popular paper is the man who makes good if he voices the opinions of the people, or, at least, a large section of the people. That is the secret of Bottomley's power; that is the secret of his wonderful hold on the public mind and imagination to-day. He knows, first, what the Man in the Street is thinking, and he knows, secondly, just how to give those thoughts language. Thus has he become the Tribune of the People—or, shall I say, of the "Fools"?

Bottomleyism Explained.

No! Bottomleyism is not a one-man idea forced on to about two million people—but the united opinions of about two million people expressed by one man. These two million *may* be fools, but they are pretty intelligent specimens. They are recruited mostly from the most intelligent of the working and middle classes, and they, after all, are the men who count. Bottomleyism has nothing dream-like about it. It does not dream of an impossible universal peace and brotherhood. It does not aim at changing human nature and making us all love one another. (Imagine loving a Germhun! Personally, I prefer a nice, respectable pig.) It does not want to make all men alike, but nevertheless recognises that every man should have an equal chance of doing his best for himself and humanity. But it also recognises that the man who can excel his fellows should be allowed to do so. The man who has ambition and spends his time in trying to better himself should be allowed more of the world's goods than the man who cares for nothing but the needs of the moment. Without ambition life would be deadly dull. It is the feeling that one may some day do something to excel his fellows that keeps one out of a rut. Make us all alike and life would go stagnant. Bottomleyism is simple and could quite easily be put in practice without upsetting the laws of nature. In political life it simply means Brains ruling in place of Chance. "Do it Now" instead of "Wait and See." The right man in the right place.

The Bottomleyites.

It is now six years since I was introduced to Bottomleyism. In those days it was not the gigantic movement it is now, but I was attracted by it even then, because of the obvious common sense of its ideas. Ever since then I have studied the "fools" who believe in the ethics of Bottomley. In train, tram or street I study the faces and actions of those who read his paper. I can tell when they believe, or are sceptical of, the contents. Most of all, I find that the majority of them are steady, intelligent-looking men—men in whose faces I can read the purpose of making the best of life. There is, of course, a percentage of the rag-tag who follow every movement simply because they cannot think for themselves. The men who are most against Bottomleyism, I find, are those who never read its organ, John Bull, or who are of the class who follow the political, as well as religious, beliefs of their fathers. They are the persons who say, "What was good enough for my parents is good enough for me." If we all followed the beliefs of our fathers, we would still believe in Furies and other such uncomfortable things. We would also make bonfires of poor old crones (I think that is the correct term) who had the misfortune to resemble witches. Which, as the late Mr. Euclid would have remarked, is darned rot. This "following in father's footsteps" idea is one which bars the road to progress. But the gate is opening, although at present its hinges are a trifle stiff. Bottomley's balsam will cure that defect in time.

The Others.

Then there are the Socialists, who imagine that the world consists of three classes—Capitalists, Socialists and fools. The Capitalists are those who spend all their days and most of their nights in plotting how they can grind down the workers—*i.e.*, Socialists. My experience shows me that the curse of Capitalism lies in the fact that the Capitalists never think of the workers at all. Socialists spend their time in talking about Economics and Humanity, but seldom assist in a practical manner a man in difficulties. Give me the man who holds out a little help to the needy without troubling to curse the Capitalists. Next we have the "fools." They imagine—poor deluded dupes!—that brains allied with common sense can master all difficulties. They dream of a State in which experienced, practical men will replace the lawyers; of a Government desirous of peace but prepared for war. They think of social and other problems solved by common sense. They imagine conditions under which workers and employers will work hand in hand. But what is even more foolish to the Socialistic mind is the fact they are Patriots and do not wish to see the Army and Navy disbanded. They even glory in the deeds which, in the past, cleared slave trading and piracy off the seas and made desert tracts as safe to live in as Piccadilly. I am personally so far steeped in this folly as to hope that some day the "fools" may all be of this particular type. If they were, neither Socialism nor Capitalism would worry them. They would be quite happy in their little "fools' paradise." Speed the happy day! I, for one, do not wish "universal brotherhood." I want a practical government, a sensible religion, and peace to lead my life as I think fit, so long as I do not wilfully injure my fellows. But I want to compete with them and beat them if I can, as well as help them all I can. That is the gospel according to Bottomley, as I understand it; and I confess that it appeals to me more strongly than all the creeds. So, give me a country of Bottomleyites and I wish for nothing more.

Hail, ye "Fools" who follow Bottomley!

"OF NO MILITARY IMPORTANCE."

By B. C. A. L.

There was nothing particularly uncommon about the scene. You could find the like in thousands of our middle-class homes here in England. Merely a comfortably-furnished living room. But that is the one room more than any other which symbolises home. It is this room which the soldier in the trenches has constantly before him as, half-frozen with the cold, half-dead for want of sleep, he grimly sticks to his post. It is that room, or what it represents, that he is chiefly fighting for. The occupants are there—mother, father, and child, a babe of ten months. And they are happy. Why not? True, England is at war, but so far it has not affected them greatly. Granted father has to work longer hours, and the cost of living has materially increased, but really that is all. At least, not quite, and the explanation can be given in one word. Zeppelins.

Some Months Later.

The same room, but somehow not the same. There is something wanting. Ah, I have it! Where are the old house slippers set before the fire to warm? The old favourite pipe which used to lie on the corner of the mantelpiece all ready for "him" when he came home? The general litter which can nearly always be observed when there is a male in the house? There is something new, however, and that is the photo of someone in khaki.

The woman was leaning against the mantelpiece gazing thoughtfully into the fire. What thoughts and memories, sad and gay, bitter and sweet, can be seen in the heart of the burning coals! Somehow to-night she felt uneasy, a presentiment of coming ill was hanging over her.

Hark! What was that? A moment of tension and then the fear passed. It was a tram rolling heavily along the main road. While, however, the cause was harmless, it nevertheless seemed to increase her agitation.

Running quickly upstairs she softly entered the bedroom.

Baby was sound asleep. Nestling among his downy cushions, one dimpled arm cuddled round a Teddy Bear, baby looked the picture of happy content and innocence. Surely the Angels would allow no harm to such a one as this? With a silent prayer, the woman went downstairs and entered the living room.

* * * *

Came a low, droning, buzzing sound. Not unlike a giant hand strumming a single string of a mammoth harp.

With one hand pressed to her heart, the woman stood listening. Ever listening. Would it never stop? Ah! thank heaven, it was passing away in the distance. No, it was nearer, almost overhead. Boom! Boom! Boom! No doubt remains now; there go the guns at last.

Baby!

She rushes from the room, and is half-way upstairs when comes a dreadful crash which makes the very house rock on its foundation. The air is filled with smoke and dust. An overwhelming terror surpasses all, and then—oblivion.

* * * *

Across the dark sky glides a huge, unwieldy mass. It is flying low, like some unclean bird of prey, gorged with human blood, returning to its unholy lair. Shapes move slowly in the hanging car, while guttural voices congratulate each other on another "successful" raid.

* * * *

In a dimly-lighted room a doctor stands and gazes silently for a moment at the girlish form motionless on the bed. "I can do nothing more at present, nurse. I am afraid her brain is affected by the shock. And no wonder." As he turns to leave the room the man in him overcomes the professional, and he curses the Huns below his breath.

* * * *

Tread softly. Babe is still sleeping. But it is the sleep which knoweth no awakening—on earth. The dimpled arms are crossed on the baby breast, a slight smile is on the little mouth. The perfect form has been spared, but the deadly fumes have done their hellish work only too well. In a corner lies the Teddy Bear. It looks lost and forlorn, as though it misses the warmth of those chubby baby arms. It was a sight to make the Angels weep—but it was "*of no military importance.*"

A SLANDER ON "SPECIALS."

WESTCLIFF DRAPER'S POISONOUS PEN.

"No. 1" of "The Westcliff Special" is a wretched little sheet mainly devoted to vicious abuse of the local Specials. It is issued by a draper, a Mr. Rich, who starts off, mildly enough, by offering his "Special Constable Blind" as a protection against the nuisance of Special and Police Tyranny. The leading article of this journal, so reminiscent of Mr. Potts and Eatanswill, accuses the Magistrates of "being hand-in-glove with the police," and asserts that "under such a pernicious system there was no possible chance of justice." We may leave the Bench to protect themselves, but we object to the scurrilous, outrageous attacks on the Specials, men who have willingly sacrificed their own ease and comfort for the public good, and for the protection of their fellow-creatures, including even this yard-measure of a man who libels them in his print. "They say," scribbles this delirious draper, "that the special characteristic of the Special is to bully women. That their caps and armlets are their coward's castle." This indefinite form of slander is very easy to write, and there is much of it in the "journal" under notice. It is all very cruel because it is all so untrue, and one wonders what has moved this draper to desert his counter and spit venom at better men than himself. Should he contemplate issuing No. 2 of his journal, we advise him to walk warily, for in No. 1 the path he treads is dangerous as well as disgraceful.

THERE'S HARE.

SATURDAY MARKET ON SCOTTISH RAILWAY.

A gallant private in a Highland Regiment—grasping the fact that butcher's meat, by reason of its cost, is somewhat of a luxury to a soldier's wife—bought, out of his large pay, a brace of hares, freshly shot. He sent them home to his wife by rail, carriage forward, and she, on a certain fatal Saturday, received a wire from the railway company instructing her to call for the aforesaid game. Now, she was ill, and the station was about four miles distant, so that it was not until Monday that the desired call could be made, and then a daughter duly attended. Lo and behold, the hares were missing! A subsequent call ended with the same dread news, for the lost ones had not been discovered. After an interchange of letters with the folks at home, our soldier friend laid the facts before the railway people, and asked to be indemnified for the missing hares, placing his loss at the modest figure of 4s. 6d. And here is the letter forwarded to him in reply:—"The Highland Railway, Inverness.—Dear Sir,—The hares not having been called for on Saturday they were sold, realising 10d., which was appropriated to clear carriage. Please advise claimant. In the circumstances liability cannot be admitted." Two questions are suggested at once. Why was the caller told that the hares were lost? And, if they were sold openly, in what honest market did they realise the absurd sum of 10d.? The soldier complains bitterly—and justly—that he should suffer, to supply somebody with a cheap Sunday dinner.

APRIL FOOLERY.

ABERGAVENNY'S AIRY AEROPLANE.

Some wag brought off the best April Fool joke of the century this season at Abergavenny. He advertised a grand Flying Meeting in the local park, admission free, passenger flights in a new biplane with stability equaliser, automatic guns, searchlights, and all sorts of other fine things—incidentally taking in vain the name of a Flight Commander in the South Wales Flying Patrol. He drew a great crowd, including a Bishop, a Judge, and other big pots, and it was some hours before they awoke to the complete success of the hoax. And now the Town Council is bent on making more fools of themselves by trying to prosecute the hoaxers—when discovered. One genius on the Council thinks any future announcements must bear the name of the Mayor, to show they are genuine. It is a quaint notion that the addition of a Mayoral cognomen would render April foolery more dignified.

The Fairest of all Competitions is "Bullets."

PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS.

THE SIREN SNARE OF A "SCENARIO" SCHOOL.

The writing of plays for the cinema is a highly technical business, in which there is little scope for unschooled talent; and the amateur should beware of advertisers who propose for a cash payment in advance to teach him the mysteries of the craft. For example, there is the Tress Company, of 4, Rathbone Place, London, W., whose advertisements, lately appearing in the London press, have contained an apparent offer of "£2 to £20" for the plots of "scenarios" of photo-plays. It had better not be assumed, however, that the Tress Company are ready to pay spot cash for any promising efforts they may receive. In acknowledging a play submitted by a young lady with ambitions in this direction, the Company asked her to "number herself among their satisfied members"—for which there was 10s. to pay. This preliminary satisfactorily adjusted, the budding picture-playwright will receive a specimen scenario, written in slap-up professional fashion, just to show him how the thing ought to be done. Having polished his style by sedulous practice upon this superb model, he will receive a complete list of the English and American firms who are out to buy photo-plays, and this is where, for the first time, the "£2 to £20" may come in, and it is probably as near as the aspirant will get to it under the guidance of the Tress Company. One further advantage, however, the Company have to offer in return for their "extremely low membership fee of ten shillings inclusive." They say:—

> In addition we will have your scripts read by a well-known Producer and Scenario Editor . . . who will write you a letter of criticism, and advise you upon twelve of your submitted scenarios, this being extended to you during the course of the year.

Some clue to the value of this expert assistance may perhaps be found in another circular issued by the Tress Company which leads off with the interesting statement that the "principle" (*sic*) of the Company was "the only kinematographer permitted to kinematograph *His Royal Highness* King George V.'s Coronation in Buckingham Palace"—Westminster Abbey, perhaps, being closed for repairs.

A SOUND JUDGMENT.

TREASURY COUNSEL STRANGELY EMPLOYED.

At the recent Licensing Sessions for the Gore Division of Middlesex, before Sir William Crump, J.P., and a full Bench of Magistrates, Mr. A. H. Bodkin, K.C., appeared to advocate the renewal of a public-house licence to Mr. George Michael Wiesinger, a gentleman of German origin. It seems that Mr. Wiesinger was born in Bavaria in 1868, and has been resident in this country since 1886, having been naturalised in 1910. Meanwhile, his exile seems to have been not unprosperous, and at the "Abercorn Arms" Hotel, Stanmore, Middlesex, he had been permitted to play "mine host" to the British public, not only in the piping times of peace, but for a year-and-a-half after the outbreak of war. Mr. Bodkin now applied for a further renewal of the licence, the applicant being "a British subject as much as any gentleman sitting on the Bench." Technically, of course, this was so, but the Magistrates do not seem to have altogether appreciated the compliment implied, and the beauties of Mr. Bodkin's legal argument appear to have left them cold. Dismissing the application, the Chairman observed:

> We are at war with Germany, and Mr. Wiesinger is of German origin, and would naturally sympathise with the rulers of the land in which he was born, notwithstanding he had been naturalised here, and taken an oath of allegiance to our King. Our view is that naturalised aliens of hostile origin are no more likely to be friendly to this country than unnaturalised alien enemies. However hard it may be to the licensee, we feel we must protect the public interest, and must decide as a matter of fact that in all the circumstances Mr. Wiesinger is not a fit and proper person to hold the licence of the "Abercorn Arms," and we therefore refuse to renew the licence as far as he is concerned.

With every word of this sensible pronouncement we are in complete agreement, and we are glad that the legal sophistries of Mr. A. H. Bodkin failed to influence the judgment of the Bench. Incidentally, the position of Mr. Bodkin, a Treasury Counsel, in a case of this kind seems to call for explanation.

MORE QUEER CASES.

TRIBUNALS AND APPEALS.

The Simple Life stunt figured in an Appeal at St. Albans, when four young men, sons of Dunn, the hatter, based their claims for exemption on the moral principles on which their life was ordered; "they did not believe in killing rats or mice or caterpillars." They were granted conditional exemption on undertaking to assist in agriculture—an easy and scandalous result, but one that will yet be painful to them, for how can they thrust spade or fork in the ground without endangering the life of some brother worm?

At Newmarket two clerks were granted conditional exemption while they remained in the employ of a Major, who is advisor to the Magistrates, and of another Major who is an auctioneer and recruiting officer. In each case the officer said he would be compelled to resign if his clerk was taken. The Tribunal assented because, they said, if they took a private they would lose an officer. We regret they had not sufficient spirit to risk the affliction.

The Chairman of the Appeal Tribunal at York suggested to a hairdresser, who appealed on behalf of an assistant, that he should employ a foreigner. It was a thoughtless and uncalled-for remark. The same criticism applies to the utterance, by a member of the Broadstairs Tribunal, that the job of assistant in a grocery and provision shop was one that a woman could do and required no brains. We are puzzled to decide if this was an insult to grocers' assistants or a compliment to women!

SADLY MISSED.

LINCOLN VICAR'S SOILED LINEN.

The death of a lady resident was recently referred to in touching terms in the Alford (Lincolnshire) Parish Magazine. After recording at some length the fact that he had been privileged to bestow upon her the final consolations of religion, and paying a glowing tribute to her many excellent qualities, the Vicar proceeds:—

> She had washed for years the Altar linen and the Vicar's surplices, albs, etc., all quite gratuitously; and perhaps there may be someone who would like to carry on this good work. —R.I.P.

Anyone in the Parish of Alford who craves the ineffable felicity of washing the Vicar's linen without fee or reward should apply to the Rev. T. H. Bailey at his usual place of abode, or wait upon him in the vestry after morning service. By performing this labour gratuitously for the rest of their natural lives they may earn an elegiac tribute as glowing as that paid to the lady who has lately passed away, and if like her they work "beyond their strength," this posthumous honour may not be unduly deferred. In any case, we hope that a suitable arrangement may soon be made. The notion of Mr. Bailey's albs and surplices being sent to a common laundry—at the prices now ruling—is much too horrid for words.

THE PRICE OF SYMPATHY.

WIDOW'S FIREGUARD SEIZED FOR RENT.

Preserve us from the sympathy of the Derby Borough Police Court! The Magistrates had before them a poor widow woman, with nine children. She has to go out to work to maintain them. The little ones were left in charge of a girl of 15, and one mite, during the temporary absence of the girl, sustained some injuries by burning, from which the child is satisfactorily recovering in hospital. So the righteous, wrathful police summoned the widow woman for not having a fireguard. Her tale was soon told. She did possess a fireguard, once, but it had been seized for arrears of rent. You would expect that simple story sufficient to move even Magistrates to pity, and it did. The Bench said they sympathised with the mother—but felt compelled to fine her 2s. 6d. There is a story told of a philanthropist and a subscription list. He said, "Yes, I feel pity in this case. I feel 5s. How much do you feel?" The pity contributed by the Derby Bench "feels nothing," but costs the recipient 2s. 6d.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.

Dear Marquis,—Your recent speech on the forthcoming Trade Conference of the Allies at Paris has not carried us very far. Are we really to believe, as you are said to have stated, that "our representatives will go into the Conference with no instructions, and will return without having committed the British Government to any definite course of action"? If this is actually the case, wouldn't it be as well to let them stop at home, and save their travelling expenses? A more slipshod or unbusinesslike arrangement it would be hard to conceive. And what will Mr. Hughes say to it?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for War.

Dear Mr. Tennant,—It was stated at a Battersea inquest the other day that a wounded soldier had been discharged from the Royal Field Artillery with a pension of only 4s. 8d. a week. At the time of his death the man was living with his mother, their joint incomes being 12s. 6d. a week. The family were too poor to pay for the soldier's burial. I suppose he found a pauper's grave. What was the meaning of this wretched tragedy? Please explain. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Joint Air Committee, London.

Dear Unknown,—After all the chopping and changing—after all the official bosh, bunkum and blarney about the country's aerial defences—will you be good enough to inform me who, if anybody, is looking after the business and when he is likely to be at home to callers? In the course of the last raid on the North-East Coast, a correspondent assures me that one of the Zepps. was over a certain city for an hour and a half, and at one time was quite low, about 500 or 600 feet, and not a shot was fired. What was the matter? Let "P. B." know as soon as you can.

John Bull.

To Glyn Jones, Esq., M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

Dear Sir,—From an inquiry you made in the House of Commons, I gather you are anxious that your milk, served in a glass bottle, shall not be regarded as a "table water" and taxed "according." Probably this is not so much a reflection on the milkman as an offer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of an opportunity to relieve the minds of the teetotal. Not only have you official assurance that all is well, but that if you instal a seltzogene within the precincts of the domesticities neither you nor they will have to pay tax on soda water, ginger-beer, lemonade, raspberry stunt, pumpura, or any other brew which strikes you as appropriate for holy days and festivals. There is going to be a boom on seltzogenes among the teetotal party, I can see.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Howard May, Inverness.

Reverend Sir,—I am sure you will agree with me that the Sunday-schools of the Isle of Man are remarkably unlucky in their choice of ministers to officiate at anniversary services. Last year, as you may remember, I addressed a few words to two "star" preachers of the Methodist connexion, who had, one after the other, broken their plighted word to preside at the Loch Parade Sunday-school. Timidity was the reason in each case; the gentlemen were afraid to cross from Liverpool. This year it was your turn. You were booked to orate at the anniversary at Rose Mount Wesleyan Church; twelve hours before the opening hymn a wire came from you:—"Boat turned back; returning to Scotland." The boat started after all, and would have landed you in time to keep your sacred word. But you had turned tail, and were bunking home to Inverness by then, and I cannot compliment you on your pluck or your faith. Even a minister is not absolved from performing a duty to which he pledges himself.

John Bull.

To Dr. Aschenbach, Medical Officer, Prison Camp, Wittenberg.

You Fiend,—To recall things in history comparable to you, one has to think of Nero among the Christians and Suraja Dowlah at Calcutta. What must a nation be—for what place in the world can it be fated—that breeds and honours creatures convicted by the irrefragable, damning evidence which convicts you and the brutes about you, and subservient to you, of torture, murder, starvation, neglect, outrage, blows and insult in the typhus-stricken camp of Wittenberg? Verily, the subjects are worthy of their Kaiser—the Kaiser worthy of his subjects. You have your reward of the Iron Cross. The Kaiser never forgets those who glorify his *rôle* and exalt his Imperial kingdom. Typhus prisoners left to spread infection one to another; delirious men waving arms brown with disgusting matter; sufferers gangrenous, alive with lice—starved, neglected, kept almost without clothing; terrorised by savage dogs habitually employed for the purpose; flogged with rubber whips; tied to posts with their hands above their heads for hours; left to lie and die on filthy straw mattresses; carried to their graves by their British or French or Russian comrades while the noble Wittenbergers, standing outside the wire enclosure, jeered at them and insulted their dead! *There* is the will and glory of the Germhun spirit, the lofty uplift of the Germhun soul. Have you heard how we treat, and even honour, *your* dead? But your Kaiser and you—you and the Zeppelins and von Tirpitzes, and von Bissings—how shall you understand these things? Chivalry like that is as much above your understanding and theirs as the sun is above the earth and as the God of Heaven is above the Fiend of Hell.

John Bull.

To Cyril Jackson, Esq., J.P., Chairman, L.C.C.

Sir,—I understand that certain cottages in the Borough, condemned some years ago as unfit for habitation, have lately been advertised by your Council as suitable tenements for the housing of the poor. It seems, moreover, that in some instances serious overcrowding has been permitted to occur. At a recent inquest, a mother stated that she and her four children had occupied one room, eight foot square, for which she had paid to the Council, or their tenant, a rent of 3s. 6d. a week. This state of affairs seems most extraordinary, and I shall be glad to have any explanation you care to offer.

John Bull.

To J. Annan Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Dear Mr. Bryce,—I hardly expected to find you "also among the prophets," but I welcome your trenchant utterances upon the question of our future relations with Germany. You rightly protest against the notion that after the war we can "kiss and be friends." By a policy of this kind, you say, "this country would lay itself open to a future unscrupulous domination by Germany under which the whole world had so long suffered." With this conviction, which I entirely share, you are "happy to know that Australia will run no such risk." I think you may take it that neither shall we.

John Bull.

To Seebohm Rowntree, Esq.

Sir,—Your name is scarcely one to conjure with in the present mood of the nation, but your timely words in regard to the future of our soldiers command my warm approval. "It would be a scandal," you say, "if these men were to come back and find that out of sheer apathy we had taken no steps to see that work was waiting for them." This scandal you are labouring to prevent, and I heartily commend your efforts—which ought to win active recognition from the Government. Meanwhile, let me know if I can help.

John Bull.

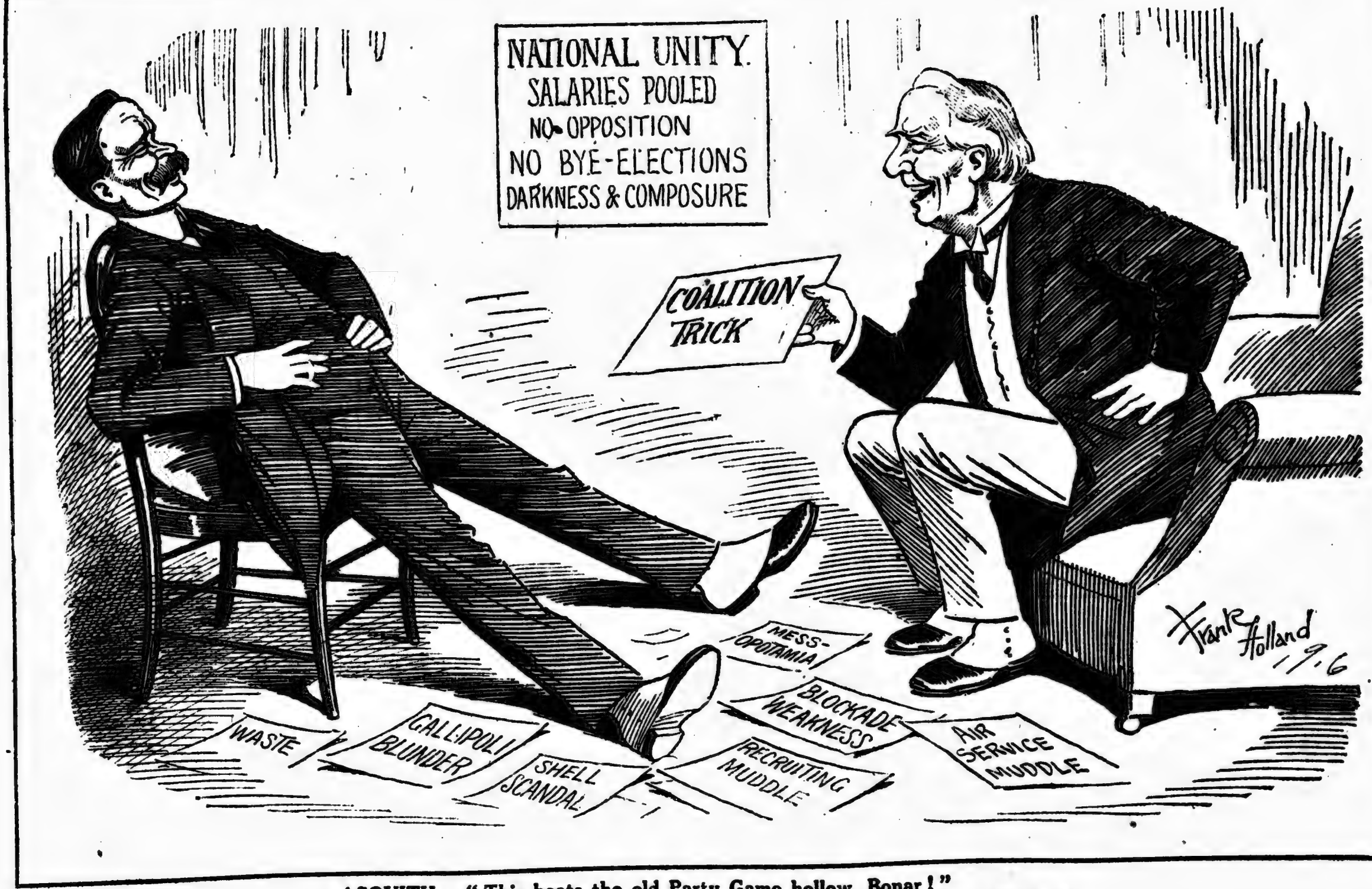
To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., Board of Trade.

Dear Mr. President,—I am glad to know that, under the statutory powers lately conferred upon your Department, 100 businesses controlled by enemy aliens have been compulsorily "wound up." This is an excellent beginning, but a good deal remains to be done; and my advice is, "Keep it up." As you may know, the matter is one to which I have devoted a good deal of attention, and if I can help in any direction, I am yours to command—as I was McKenna's with his Budget!

John Bull.

Sensible Women and Men Use a "John Bull" Pen.

A CAPITAL JOKE!



ASQUITH: "This beats the old Party Game hollow, Bonar!"
BONAR LAW: "Don't make me laugh, Asquith; it's simply too killing!"

April 22nd, 1916. JOHN BULL. 25

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK & KHAKI Styles, as well as many other attractive designs.
6½d. each.
Sold Everywhere.

Ask For EXCELDA Soft Collars & Fronts

BE SURE you get EXCELDA See name on each handkerchief.

STEELE'S AD. SERV.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

THE RULE OF THE ROD.

RADLEY COUNCIL AND OLD KING CANE.

It will be remembered that a Radley pupil received leave of absence from the school for a farewell meeting with his brother, an Army officer, who was bound for India. With the full approval of his parents, and in exceptional circumstances, the boy slightly exceeded his leave, and for this breach of school discipline—for which, probably, he was not in the least to blame—was severely caned by Mr. Selwyn, a young gentleman who, though apparently very strong in the arm, had had no experience whatever of scholastic work prior to his appointment to the headship of Radley. Upon these facts, the boy succeeded in an action for assault against the Warden, obtaining £10 10s. damages and costs; and there the matter might have rested but for the extraordinary action of the Radley College Council, who, in a circular recently addressed to Old Radleians and others, go out of their way to defend the Warden's conduct, which they seem to regard as a valuable precedent. They have, it seems, been advised that legal appeal would have a fair prospect of success, but this heroic course is deprecated upon the following curious grounds:—

> That an adverse decision in the Court of Appeal might form a serious precedent for Public Schools. That whatever the result, an appeal would give rise to a further discussion and correspondence in the Press, and that that was undesirable in the best interests of the School.

It is further stated that "at the meeting at which this decision was reached, the Council passed a resolution expressing their continued confidence in the Warden." We are presumably to infer that the free use of the cane is a point of honour with the Council of Radley, and that anything tending to shock the arbitrary severity of their youthful Warden is to be regarded as "a serious precedent for public schools." This attitude is unpleasantly reminiscent of the ancient pedagogic tradition that as long as boys were flogged hard and often, the pretext for punishment was of little account.

THORNES IN THE GARDEN.

A WATCH THAT MUST GO—BACK.

Thorne and Co., of 59, 60, and 61, Hatton Garden, E.C., induce unwary persons to buy watches and cheap jewellery on the instalment plan, and their canvassers only too frequently beguile the young and the ignorant. One of their runners persuaded a girl of 15 to order a watch. The timepiece is, as judged by a friend of the girl's, worth perhaps one-third of the price demanded—but "Dear Madame," they write, "We respectfully beg to inform you that your subscription is now overdue. A remittance per return will oblige." Without any respect at all, we beg to inform Messrs. Thorne that the subscription will remain overdue, and that no remittance will be sent per return or at any other time.

"THE LAW IS A ASS."

LAYING BY FOR A RAINY DAY.

That was a curious case at Liverpool, when a seaman from a Hall Line boat was charged with stealing various pots containing such delicacies as jam, milk and onions. The man was stopped as he left the vessel in the dock, the goods being found on him. He at once explained that they were rations that had been served out to him. He had refrained from consuming them, and they were his own property. Whereupon the Magistrate told him he was liable to be convicted, but, as he bore a good name, he would only be bound over—for the law insists that rations, which are his when aboard ship, cease to be his when his foot touches the shore. It looks like one of those subtle jokes that lawyers crack by Act of Parliament. We expect to learn, one of these days, that when a sailor is paid his wage on board the money is his, but that when he lands the cash reverts to the shipowners. You never know your luck—in law.

GERMAN NEWS.

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME."

We hear of a bookseller's shop in Glasgow where, under a Permit from the Board of Trade, a foreign gentleman retails all the leading German newspapers, much to the joy of his customers. Instead of being grateful to the Government for unmerited favours, those customers occupy their time in vilifying Britain and all things British, as one may hear with one's own ears—should one know the language spoken.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"Mrs. Asquith, WHO SAT ON THE LORD MAYOR'S RIGHT HAND, gave £100."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"OWING TO ENLISTMENT. Lady requires suitable PARTNER to share good home."

"THANET TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Tallow Chandlers. Wanted, a Man, to TAKE IN FAT AND MELT."

"DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TIMES":—
"Mr. —— said HE KILLED HIMSELF about 20 years ago. HE THOUGHT HE WOULD START AGAIN."

"EVENING NEWS" (headline):—
"Father Vaughan indicts the CHILDLESS MOTHERS."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—
"Mr. Tennant . . . announced that more than one attack on London had been DRIVEN OFF without ANYONE being aware of the raiders' presence."

"BARRY DOCK NEWS":—
"Births. ——. March 31st, at ——, to Mr. and Mrs. —— —— (C.M.B. midwife), a daughter. NURSE DOING WELL."

If you cannot fight Lend your money.

£1 for 15/6

IF you are not making more than £300 a year, you can help your country and help yourself at the same time by opening a War Savings Certificate Book at the Post Office.

For every 15/6 you put in now you will receive £1 in five years; that is 5 per cent. compound interest. Your money is absolutely safe, and if you need it at any time you can always get it back in full at any Money Order Office.

To get this high interest go to any Post Office (Money Order Office) and open a War Savings Certificate Book. Each 15/6 you put in will be shown separately. Each year your money grows as follows:—

In 1 year it becomes 15/9
In 2 years it becomes 16/9
In 3 years it becomes 17/9
In 4 years it becomes 18/9
In 5 years it becomes £1

You can always get your money back in full even if you take it out the day after you put it in.

If you cannot put in 15 6 now, get a War Savings Stamp Card which has 31 spaces for sixpenny stamps to help you to save 15/6 to open your Certificate Book with.

Every penny you put into a War Savings Account is helping to win the war and to save the lives of our sailors and soldiers.

Full particulars can be obtained

At any Post Office.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

EVEN with handkerchiefs there is pleasure in buying something "out of the ordinary," and there's nothing so attractive as the exclusive Pyramid designs

At 6½d. each Pyramids are unrivalled value for money—whether you buy All White (with or without embroidered initial), All Khaki, or Indelible Color Borders.

Every Pyramid bears the Pyramid label.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., 122, Cheapside, London, E.C.

One of the great TOOTAL lines.

P 163

6/6 per Doz or 6½ each

"May I—?" "Yes, if it's Bondman"

Ladies like the delicious fragrance of Bondman. You can smoke it in the drawing-room, at the pictures, anywhere and everywhere. It is just the best baccy a tanner will buy.

Smokes slow, burns evenly,——

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6D oz.

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

R.ch. Ruddy. Virginia Tobacco.

Shorthand in 9 Days

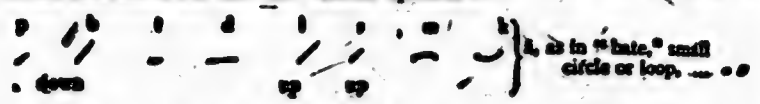
A Simple System which Everybody can Learn.

At the 1907 Business Exhibition, Olympia, a novice, having no previous knowledge of any system of shorthand, was selected by the *Daily Mirror* for tuition in Script Shorthand during the nine days over which the Exhibition extended. Tested at a public examination held on the closing day, under the supervision of officials of the London Chamber of Commerce, this nine-days shorthand writer passed all tests up to 90 words a minute, failing only at 100 words a minute.

Script Shorthand, a system invented by Mr. T. Stratford Malone, has only 31 rules, not hundreds loaded with exceptions. It can be learned by every reader of JOHN BULL whatever their calling in life, and whatever their age. In the present state of affairs, young and old are all needed to carry on the business of the country, and Mr. Dutton has many pupils over 60 years of age, and two who have passed the 80 mark. Other pupils include eleven officers and twenty-five men who have taken up the study since being sent to France on active service, one of the former being an energetic member of the House of Lords.

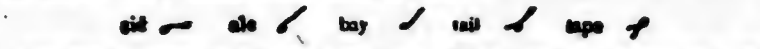
TRY THIS FIRST LESSON.

Every lesson in Script Shorthand is as simple as the following, and if you can perform it successfully after a little practice, it is within your power to render a great service to the business community. Note carefully that the p and b strokes are written downwards and the r and l strokes upwards:—

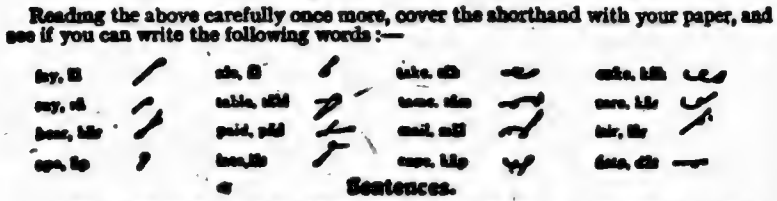


How to Use the Letters.

In shorthand you write words as they *sound*, not as they are spelt. Thus the e is not sounded in "late," and you simply write the signs for l, a, t. The small circle representing the vowel "a" is traced in accordance with the movement of the hands of a watch. The position of the vowel thus enables you to easily distinguish between the p, b and r, l strokes. (Note the outlines for "ale" and "bay" given below.) When a vowel comes between *two* consonants forming an angle, however, the circle or loop is written *outside* the angle, thus:—



Reading the above carefully once more, cover the shorthand with your paper, and see if you can write the following words:—

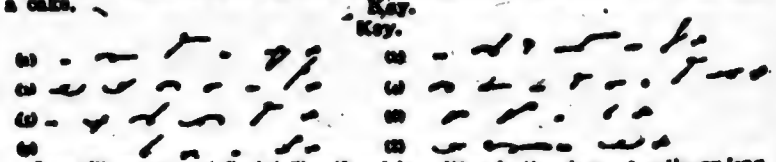


Sentences.

Now see if, with these few letters, and this short study, you can already write and read elementary sentences. Observe that "the" is denoted by the letter t — . "a," "an," by a dot . "at" — ; a full stop by a cross, thus —+

(1) The maid laid the table. (2) The male ape dared the bear. (3) Take care: aim at the lair. (4) May paid the rate at a late date. (5) The Cape mail came late. (6) Pray play the air. (7) Lay the ale at the tray. (8) Kate made a cake.

Key.



You will notice that Script Shorthand is written in the slope of ordinary longhand writing. Instead of the vowels being denoted by dots and ticks detached from the consonants, as in a well-known system, they are in Script denoted by simple signs joined to the consonants, vowels and consonants following in their natural order. By writing each of the following outlines, 25 times as quickly as possible, and timing yourself, you will be able to test the respective merits of the two systems.

OLD STYLE. SCRIPT.

Schoolgirl's 180 words a minute.

Mabel R. Callister, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, of Melbourne, Australia, carried off a Gold Medal and Diploma at the 1912 examinations held by Stott's Business College in that city, with a Script speed of 180 words a minute.

You can learn Script Shorthand by post, and further details of this interesting System will gladly be forwarded to all JOHN BULL readers sending stamped addressed envelope to R. J. B. Dutton, Reporter, Skegness.

TEN DAYS' GUARANTEED COURSE IN LONDON.

A special ten days' class, under the personal supervision of Mr. Dutton, will be held at the Holborn Hall, London, from Wednesday, May 3rd to Saturday, May 13th next. Sessions daily, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Mr. Dutton guarantees that every student of average ability regularly attending the sessions will complete the entire course, including the reporting grade, within the ten days. In the case of very backward pupils, or those unable to attend the whole of the sessions, the course will be completed afterwards by post until proficiency is attained. Only a necessarily limited number can be taken, and early application is therefore desirable.

TERMS ON APPLICATION to R. J. B. DUTTON, Reporter, Skegness.

Postal tuition at very moderate fees also given in Bookkeeping and Typewriting, the latter course including the loan of a new £24 Yost Typewriter, 1916 Model.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. KENNEDY JONES.

Mornin', sir . . . Shavin'? Yes-sir. . . . *Quick as possible?* Right you are, sir. Oh, I can 'ustle with the best w'en it's up to me. I don't mind gittin' a move on fur *you*, sir. . . . *Do I know 'oo you are?* Do I not! You're the Candidate fur Wimbledon, and I admire yer pluck. It must 'ave give the Guv'ment a narsty jar w'en you come forward, an' you must expeck to 'ave some narsty things sed about chew like wot Pemberton Billing did. . . . *Do I think you stand a charnce?* Well, if it was any other sorter constitchewency I'd say Yes right orf the reel. But Wimbledon bein' like wot it is, I ain't too 'opeful. Enny'ow, win or lose, you're justified in fightin', to my mind. And with Billing to 'elp you, I shouldn't be surprised if you 'ave a good run for yore money. I fancies a good deal more depends on this election than most people knows of. Unless the Coalition Candidate romps 'ome with a thumpin' merjority, it'll mean the electors 'ave give the Guv'ment notice to quit, an' I fancy a General Election would follow quicker than wot the country expecks. An' w'y not? It's orl very well to tork about the danger of swoppin' 'orses w'ile crossin' the stream, but if the one wotchewer ridin' is a n'old crock, 'arf foundered, it's worth the risk, to my idea. . . . Yes-sir, I reely *do* think you stand a charnce. The country's proper sick of the bloomin' muddle, wot with the married men bizniss, the rotten Air Service, an' the leaky blockade, an' I shouldn't be surprised if Wimbledon don't express it at the poll. We've seen 'ow Pemberton Billing 'as woke up the 'Ouse. 'E's made things lively orlready. *'E's* the reason w'y Lord Derby an'. Lord Montagu resigned, if we on'y knew it. Bein' independent, they carn't muzzle 'im. Look at Warwick Brooks, the Coalition 'ack, an' then look at Billing. W'y the diffrence makes me larff! There's Brooks, wot wos 'elped in by orll the Party machinery, as dumb as mutton. 'E tried to sneak a little bit of Billing's special thunder, but 'e wos soon shut up by the Party bosses. But they carn't gag Billing, an' I reckon they won't gag you, if you pull it orf. A dirty trick, rushin' the election like this, ain't it, sir? Shows 'ow scared the Cabinet is. That's jest it, sir. If Asquith was as firm as wot 'e tries to make 'imself out to be, I should say let 'im alone to git on with it. But 'e ain't. Fancy lettin' Germany git orl 'er terbaccer through us orl these months! Millions of pounds they must 'ave got through 'Olland larst yer—an' we've got a Navy wot could stop it! 'Ow can anybody trust a Guv'ment wot lets that sorter thing go on? Party truce be blow'd, *I* say! And I 'ope you git in, sir, 'pon me soul I do! You ain't a fool. You've done things, an' you're a square-'eaded man o' bizniss, with no flies. You're the sort we want there! An' if the Wimbledonians 'ave got any gump, they'll put chew there! . . . Thank you, sir. . . . Goo' day, sir!

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

AIRY TALK.

Mr. Tennant: Damned impudence, I call it. Here's a man who hasn't been in the House five minutes, so to speak, daring to stand up to me in debate! To stand up to *me*, mind you! ME! Has the infernal audacity, too, to shake his head vigorously in view of the whole House when I make a point he doesn't agree with! Mister Pemberton Billing, indeed! Who the Devil *is* he? Where does he come from?

Lord Kitchener: It doesn't so much matter where he comes from as where is he going to.

Mr. Tennant (*violently*): He can go to Hades, for all I care! The worst of it is, sir, he's getting a strong backing in the House. Representatives of all Parties are supporting his demands.

Lord Kitchener: That looks as though there must be something in them.

Mr. Tennant (*impatiently*): Of *course* there's something in them. I know that. We *all* know that. But that's no excuse for his damnable impatience and contempt for parliamentary usage and traditions. And one can't crush him, sir. That's the annoying part. He stands there, the overgrown gawk——

Lord Kitchener (*sharply*): Is his great height another grievance?

Mr. Tennant (*hastily*): No, no, sir; oh, no. I was merely—er—well, as I was saying, he stands there hurling his accusations at the Government like a born leader of the Opposition! A mere flying man, returned to Parliament by a fluke.

Lord Kitchener (*grimly*): A fluke?

Mr. Tennant (*eagerly*): Yes, sir. It's more than flesh and blood can stand. I rise to reply with the utmost dignity, for the purpose of squashing him according to the usual methods, but it has absolutely no effect. He insists on his charges, refuses to withdraw his accusations, and—the House applauds him!

Lord Kitchener: Does he know what he is talking about?

Mr. Tennant: Yes, he does. That's the worst of it. He's got chapter and verse for everything, and seems to think no more of flatly contradicting an Under-Secretary than—than *you* would, sir! I am willing to give him credit for disinterestedness. But he is making it so hideously awkward for the Government. He's forced my hand already. He's made me promise a Judicial Committee to inquire into his charges, which, of course, is little short of admitting they are justified.

Lord Kitchener: In which case he is doing the country a service, is he not?

Mr. Tennant: Well, yes, I suppose so, sir—if you look at it from that point of view. But in the political sense he is really a quite alarming portent. If we get many more men like him in the House, I shudder to think what will become of Party politics. Being an independent member, disclaiming political ambitions, there is absolutely no means of silencing him.

Lord Kitchener (*laughing*): Well, Tennant, I'm sorry for you, but I can't help you. I'm no politician myself, you know—merely a man who knows his job.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

of those who are buying and riding

GAMAGE "POPULAR" CYCLES

The Gamage "POPULAR" is the best value-for-money investment a cycling enthusiast can possibly make.

It is a Coventry-made machine of high-grade materials and expert workmanship.

Its strength and durability are unrivalled at the price.

GENTS' or LADIES' MODEL,

£5:7:6

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE THE "POPULAR" IS BEST.

GAMAGE'S SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 75,000 RAZORS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

Special Quotations for Quantities.

Extra Hollow Ground Blades, Polished Black Handles. Exceptionally fine shaving, light weight razor. Ladies medium width, round or square point. Please state which required.

PRICE 1/6 each, post free, or 17/6 per dozen.

20,000 TINDER-WICK PIPE or CIGARETTE LIGHTERS for the Troops. Just the thing FOR THE TRENCHES.

Send one to your son or friend—they are always acceptable. Will give you a light whenever you want it. No benzine or petrol required: will light instantaneously in all weathers; can be used with perfect safety in the trenches.

PRICE 8½d. or 7/9 per doz. (Postage on a doz. 4d.)

A. W. GAMAGE, Ld., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

The COLONEL

(on leave).

"'Pon my word, I began to feel quite out of it. There they were—'Sub.,' 'Major,' 'M.O.' and Chaplain—all smoking Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes. It took me some little time before deciding to give up my old brand and buy these, because the price seemed so small, and . . . well, frankly I felt doubtful, but, by Jove, they are a revelation. How they can produce 20 of these excellent Cigarettes for 9d., I don't know. I have a good mind to send the General along a few."

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

Of all high-class Tobacconists. Sample 20 for 9d. post free, from Selfridge's, Oxford Street, London

Cavander's, Glasgow. Estd. in 1775.

NERVES?

Have you weak nerves, stomach or digestive trouble, heart weakness? If so, I believe you can regain normal health by my aid. Note particularly I undertake your case only when satisfied I can cure you, under my guarantee. Send to-day (to-morrow never comes) for my remarkable free book, or better still write me, telling all you know about your ailment. Then I will advise you conscientiously—my 30 years' practical experience is freely at your disposal. You will be under no obligation whatever.

"JOHN BULL" said: "Readers are recommended to write to Mr. Thomas Inch."

Because it is a national duty to be efficient, WRITE NOW (enclosing 2d. in stamps) for BOOK and ADVICE.

THOMAS INCH, HEALTH CONSULTANT,

74b, Clarendon Road, Putney, London.

EASTER REDUCTIONS.

REAL ECONOMY.

BUY NOW AT

JOHN PIGGOTT'S

Examples of Bargains from FREE LIST at Piggott's Special Prices

The "JOHN BULL" Cycle. Specification Free. PIGGOTT'S PRICE £6 15 9.

Easy Terms Arranged.

Oxydised or Nickel Wristlet Watch with full radium figures. Worth to-day 25s. PIGGOTT'S PRICE 18s. 3d.

Write for List Dept. R.E.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Our readers must have noticed the prevalence of distress among the men who have been discharged from the Army after having broken down in training. Unfortunately, thousands of these poor fellows are unable to work, and many painful cases are brought to our notice—in some instances the invalided men are lying helpless in bed, surrounded by their wives and families of young children, with no food in the cupboard, no money with which to purchase it, an empty firegrate, and a load of small debts. Some of the cases we investigate are harrowing in the extreme. The soldier facing the enemy has his mind occupied and his family are in receipt of Army allowances, such as they are; but the plight of the poor chap who is no longer in khaki, and is doomed to watch helplessly the distress of his family, cannot be contemplated without a shudder. We gladly and promptly give relief to these victims of the war, especially as they appear to be the principal class which is turned down when help is asked for from the vast sums subscribed by the public for the alleviation of distress which was bound to set in as a result of the war.

Tommy engages in his dangerous trade cheerfully, and, as a rule, the wife left at home faces the situation with equal cheer, although naturally anxious for the welfare of her man. The scale of separation allowances given by the Government is by no means too high, and, naturally, the women in numerous cases have a severe struggle for existence. Since the early days of the war that struggle has become harder, owing to the rise in the prices of foodstuffs and all necessary commodities. The purchasing power of the shilling is now 25 per cent. less than it was when the war started, and we would, therefore, gladly welcome a revision of the scale of separation allowances. It might mean a few millions more in the cost of the war, but it would be money well and justifiably spent.

There is a man in the trenches whose two little children lay at home dangerously ill, the distracted mother finding herself financially stranded in consequence. We saw to it that fire, food and medical necessaries were provided, and that the monetary difficulty was overcome.

A woman rendered good service to the State by providing it with thirteen children. Her two sons who were her supporters are with the Army in France, but, like the old woman who lived in the shoe, she had difficulty in managing for the large brood remaining, notwithstanding the closest economy, being compelled to fall behind with her rent and other things. We were glad to be of assistance.

"Honest, trustworthy, and thoroughly deserving," was the recommendation sent to us by a lady in support of the application of a soldier's mother. Her boy is wounded, and she, poor creature, was overtaken by illness which prevented her from working further. Her friend in need fortunately remembered that we look after the distressed dependents of our men.

A soldier came back from the trenches crippled with rheumatism, and with a shattered leg which had to be amputated. He is dreaming of the pension which will one day be granted to him by the Chelsea Commissioners; but dreams do not fill larders, and his was empty until he wrote to John Bull.

Another man came back suffering from heart disease and with his nerves shattered. He saw ten months of fighting, his career as a soldier being finished when his section of trench was blown in and he was buried. He, too, is waiting for his pension and hungering in the process, and naturally we assisted.

A man, wounded at the battle of Mons, was taken prisoner and had his arm amputated. After suffering twelve months of the agony manufactured by the enemy for the prisoners in his hands, he was exchanged and sent to England, being granted a pension of £1 a week for two months and 10s. 6d. a week for life afterwards. He is broken in health, his right arm is gone, he is unable to work, and has a wife and five children. He found that our patrons are more generous than the Pension Commissioners of a grateful nation.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

W. C. (Hong Kong), £1; "A Reader," 5s.; "A Netley Patient," 1s. 6d.; "A Salopian," 4s. 2d.; Anon., 1s.; T. S., 5s.; C. A. K., 6d.; A. B., 6d.; "International Order of Nuts" (per C. H. G.), £1 1s.; Mrs. J. B., 6d.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; A. McC., 2s.; "Killick Bunting," 1s.; M. H. (Tonbridge), 5s.; "Nurse," 5s.; H. G. G., 6d.; "Spes," 1s.; "Pandora," 2s.; E. T., 2s. 6d.; N. R., 10s.; F. J. J. S., 1s.; D. M., 10s.; "Nameo," 1s.; Anon, 1s.; "Result of Fine Inflicted on Messmates of H.M.S. *Black Prince* for Using Bad Language" (per C. C. M.), 9s.; "A Taxi Driver" (A.S.C.), 10 francs; A. N., 4s.; "Proceeds of Sale of War Pudding Recipe" (per M. H. C.), 4s.; J. T., 2s. 6d., J. C., 1s.; "Tiny," 1s.; F. G., 5d.; E. L., 6d.; Miss A. M., 5s.; C. S., 1s.; "One Who Knows," 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Rae," 10s.; G. D., 2s. 6d.; R. S., 2s. 3d.; M. F., 5d.; "Collected on board M.F.A. *Hematite*" (per R. J. P.), 2s.; D. B., 1s.; J. M. O., 2s. 2d.; J. L., 5 dollars; "Jo," 10s.; A. McC., 1s.; E. R., 6d.; "Crew of s.s. *Norah Elsmie*" (per J. H. G.), £1 1s.; "Only a Girl," 2s. 6d.; M. and W. F., 2s. 6d.; "Policeman," 4s.; J. A. T., 10s. 6d.; M. C., 1s.; N. E., 6s.; "W." (Chichester), 2s. 6d.; R. C. (Wood Green), £1; A. S. 1s.; L. M., 1s.; Anon (North Woolwich), 9d.; "Collected Amongst Boys of Cleveland Wonn and Gear Co." (per D. F.), £5; W. P., 2s. 6d.; M. L., 2s.; W. K., 2s. 6d.; "Friendly Critic," 1s.; E. L. D., £1 1s.; "Sale of copy of first number of *The Saxonia*" (per Capt. A. H. T.), 10s.; Mrs. K. R., 5s.; Mrs. E. R., £1; J. A. C., 19s. 11d.; E. C. C., 1s.; "Auntie and I," £1; "Ellie," 1s.; "One of the Heavies," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

Plymouth.—Mr. L. Barke, Andrew's Picture Palace Cigarette Box, Union Street, 4s. 6d.

Manchester.—Mrs. E. A. Williams, "Greyhound Hotel," Chester Road, 13s. 5½d.

Edinburgh.—Mr. C. Clark, "Roseburn Bar," Roseburn Terrace, 2s. 9d.

Saltburn.—Mr. W. S. Stanton, Saltburn Institute, 2s. 8d.

Ruddy.—Mrs. S. Goodman, 11, Vicarage Hill, Clifton, 5s.

PALMER
CYCLE TYRES

save energy, money, temper—

give double the mileage of cheaper tyres, put all your pedalling into motion, and rarely puncture.

The fastest, longest-wearing, and highest-priced Motor Tyre made is the Palmer 7 in Cord. The idea in it—insulating every cotton thread in pure rubber—cuts out internal friction and thereby transmits full power and increases speed.

Palmer Cycle Tyres are built on the same fundamental principle. Each thread is insulated, making the tyre full of "life," speedy, damp-rot-proof and easy-to-push. Cycle Agents say of Palmers that they last *too* long.

Six of the Several Palmer Grades.

ALL SIZES.	Covers. Wired.	Beaded.	Tubes to Match.
Palmer "SPECIAL"—the best Tyre made in the whole wide World	17/-	17/3	7/9
Palmer "TANDEM"—for Tandem and extra heavy "solo" riding	15/-	15/3	5/-
Palmer "THORNPROOF" first made for South Africa—hard to puncture	13/-	13/3	7/-
Palmer "STANDARD"—the Tyre which made the Palmer Fame.	11/-	11/3	5/-
"Privateer," a cheaper Palmer Tyre	8/6	8/9	3/9
"Buccaneer," nothing better made at	7/6	7/9	3/9

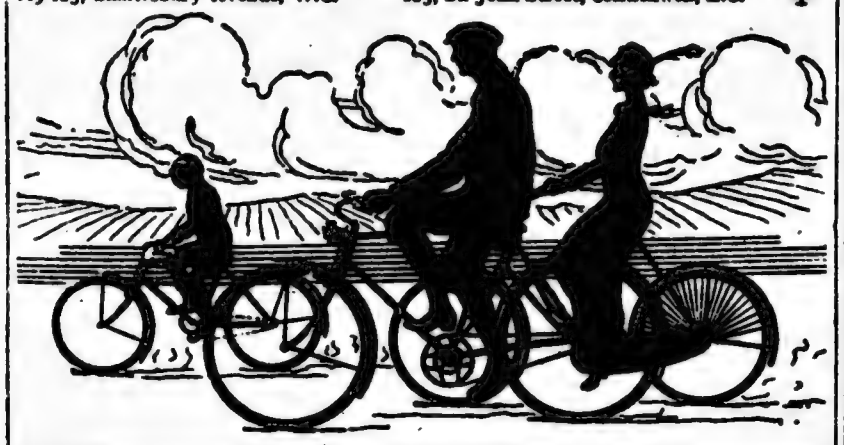
Cyclists' Map-book Free for a Post-card.

It contains 11 sectional Maps covering Great Britain and hints for increasing the mileage from your Tyres whatever their make. Altogether, it is 48 pages of helpful Cycling Literature in a handy pocket size. Ask for Map Book "R."

THE PALMER TYRE, LTD.

Showrooms and Offices— 119-123, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Cycle Tyre and Repair Depot— 103, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.



You can look well-dressed without buying new clothes.

For 3s. 9d. we will clean and press your suit so that it looks as good as new. We pay all carriage between our Works and the Branch or Agent nearest to you, and execute minor repairs without extra charge. If you prefer to send direct to Head Office, we pay carriage one way. Handsomely Illustrated Booklet will be sent post free on receipt of your post-card.

D44

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

(East 3710—4 lines.)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

THIS BOOK

IS YOURS

To obtain it, all you have to do is to send your name and address to us, and it will be sent to you entirely free. It is a beautiful, illustrated book of 96 pages, and measures 5⅞ by 7¾ ins. It costs you nothing, yet the story it tells is one that intensely interests every father and mother, for it is all about that fascinating and loveable little person—Baby.

If you had the knowledge it contains, you would have the knowledge of a practised nurse—and you *can* have it. Many mothers and nurses have written to tell us how helpful they have found this book, and how grateful they are to us for sending it to them. Read what this nurse says about it:—

Edgware Road, W.
March 3rd, 1915.

The Glaxo Baby Book stands high amongst the useful books Mothers and Nurses have on their bookshelves for reference or advice on the care of their babies.

Every item of importance in Baby's early days is mentioned in good order. If the book were studied earnestly and intelligently by mother or nurse before baby's birth, there would be fewer mistakes, healthier babies, happier and less worried mothers.

NURSE ——

Send a post-card for YOUR copy. Every day's delay means you are without valuable information you ought to have. Send TO-DAY.

Glaxo

By Royal Appointment to the Courts of Italy and Spain. Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.

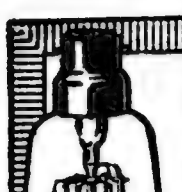
"Builds Bonnie Babies."

1s., 2s., 5s. *Tins, of all Chemists and Stores.*

45R, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Proprietors—JOSEPH NATHAN & Co., Ltd., Wellington, N.Z., and London.

12546



British Made Throughout

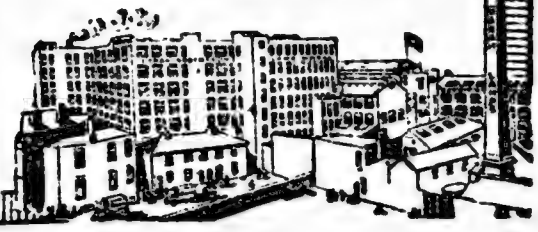
at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London. The wonderful strength and economy of OSRAM have made it Britain's most popular lamp. Used by the War Office, Admiralty, and large establishments where efficiency and economy are considered.

Osram

DRAWN WIRE

Lamps

See that every lamp sold as OSRAM bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.



The Search Lights found her at exactly 9.20-by my INGERSOLL

THE Searchlight Operator, the Munition Factory Foreman, the Engine Driver, and "Tommy in the Trenches" all carry Ingersolls, because they can be relied upon absolutely to tell the correct time under all conditions, no matter how severe.

This is why there are more Ingersoll Watches in use by our Boys in Khaki, both at the Front and at home in training than any other make.

The Ingersoll Series includes the following models:

Triumph, 6/6. Eclipse, 10/-. Junior, 12/6
Midget, 12/6. Wrist, 13/6. Reliance, 17/6

Luminous Dials, 2/6 or 5/- extra.

Ingersolls may be obtained from 15,000 British Dealers or Watches will be sent direct if your dealer cannot supply. Send for FREE Catalogue.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
353, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

Ingersoll

"ZEPTO" on your teeth.

A look at a sailor's teeth will show how well he takes care of them—everyone can have good teeth if they look after them,—only care will prevent the formation of tartar, which is the first cause of decay in teeth. The occasional use of "ZEPTO" will prevent or remove tartar.

"ZEPTO" keeps the teeth pearly white, strong and healthy. "ZEPTO" should be used after cleaning in the ordinary way by everyone to whom efficiency and fitness is essential and desirable.

"ZEPTO" The Antiseptic Tartar Remover.

PENCIL
costs 9d.—lasts many months

From all Chemists or direct from

Thos. CHRISTY & Co.
(Dept. J.B.),
Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

FIRST GRADE 30/-

You *can't* get wet in the Mattamac

The 19oz. Featherweight Waterproof

The First-grade "Mattamac" looks no different to the ordinary three-guinea Weatherproof. In utility and appearance it equals the twice-more-costly Rai coat. It wears as long but weighs one third. And you can actually fold it to go into your jacket pocket when the sun shines.

7 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

You can satisfy yourself about a "Mattamac" in actual wear. Each coat is sent out on the understanding that it can be returned within 7 days in exchange for the full purchase price if you so wish. JOHN BULL guarantees this.

6 SHADES—40 SIZES.

"Mattamacs" are made for **Ladies and Gentlemen** at **30/-** each, and for **Children** at prices according to size.

Each "Mattamac" has wind strapped adjustable cuffs, perpendicular pockets, lined shoulders, Raglan sleeves, roomy under-arms and wide skirt, is conscientiously finished in all details, and is guaranteed to be made entirely from the intensely strong, light-weight, compact-folding, all-weather-proof "Matta" Fabric.

To order please give measurement around chest over waistcoat, height, and enclose remittance.

ART BOOKLET FREE.

Send a postcard for the "Mattamac" Booklet No. 29A, and free patterns of "Matta" Fabric. It illustrates the Civilian and Lady "Mattamac" Models (30/-), the wide-skirted Cavalry Khaki "Mattamac" (42/-) and the Khaki-grey V.T.C. pattern (30/-), as well as the Infantry model so much worn in Flanders (30/-).

"Matta" Sou'westers, Pullovers, and Trench Waders have the same weatherproof light-weight qualities. This booklet (No. 29A) describes them also.

Drawn from an actual photo.

First-Grade Civilian model "Mattamac," **30/-**

PEARSON BROTHERS
Clifford House, 45, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.
And at 29 & 31, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Scientists evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never blind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids DIGD. For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. A handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Studley Laboratories (Dept. 33) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

THE

BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd.

Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A Stramash.

There is a seaside Convalescent Hospital on the South Coast. A day or two ago, for some reason or other, somebody in authority went round to seize the clothing of the patients, the time being a little after midnight. As one of our informants states, "I think the conduct was such as to cause a disturbance of the peace amongst men who have done their bit to keep the Huns from our door!" About half-a-dozen suits of clothing appear to have been bagged before the men awoke, and then there was trouble—in fact, a minor battle. The next morning a similar number of the patients walked about with blanket togas. No doubt some Government Department is concerned in the running of this institution, and we certainly think that an inquiry should be held.

Let Justice Flourish!

Having our eye on every cog of the machine, we unhesitatingly say that Mr. Tennant is well to the fore among the responsible men who wish to know the "ins" and "outs" of their departments. The Army is a huge machine, and the business connected with it has many ramifications, affecting all grades, from the Drummer Boy up to the Field Marshal. We are very glad indeed to know that the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War has undertaken to investigate personally specific complaints which we have placed before him, particularly concerning officers who have been dismissed the Service on, it is alleged, the bare word—without the ghost of a trial—of their newly-created superiors so far as military rank goes, but decidedly their inferiors in the matter of professional knowledge. We thank Mr. Tennant, and feel certain that he will see to it that justice is done.

Concerning the Hospitals.

We do fervently wish that somebody in authority would keep his eye upon our Military Hospitals. Day after day our letter-bag contains numerous complaints, some of them, no doubt, written by poor, peevish patients, but many apparently having a solid foundation. The grievances are concerned with shortage of food, harsh treatment, and unfairness in the length of the liberty time granted to the patients. Up to the present we have refrained from commenting upon the conduct of military hospitals, but if we do not note in the immediate future a marked improvement we shall give names and particulars, in the hope that the Director-General of the Army Medical Service will look into matters—in which event we fancy there will be trouble.

Tommy's Money.

Once again the perennial dispute between the soldier and the various people who have the handling of his pay. Men discharged are sent a form and a postal draft, with a request that the former may be signed and returned. Many of the recipients do not quite understand its purport, but when it has been signed and sent back it is taken as proof that the poor devil in question has admitted that he has obtained all the money due to him—although he *knows* that an amount stands to his credit which he has not received. Time after time we have referred to this matter, and we are aware that our comments have been read in high quarters; yet nothing is done. It will be too late to hold an inquiry when the war is over!

The "Urique"-s.

The Warrant Officers, Class II., of the Royal Engineers ask us why they are passed over for promotion, which is given to ignorant youngsters. We can only answer that this is one of the many mysteries in connection with the Service.

The Noble Army of "Stiffs."

What a muddle—what an unholy muddle! We started out to conscript the nation, and issued posters to coax the single men into joining. A proportion of them joined; the remainder stand back, laughing. Then we called upon our married men, tempting them with various promises—with the same result. We instituted the Military Service Act, threatening absolute conscription. The idea was to frighten the fellows into serving, but the bulk of them estimated it correctly and refused. The Government dare not compel them, because they know what the result would be from a Party point of view. We should, however, like to know what is to happen to the army of half-blind, crippled, and consumptive men who have been passed for service by the medical officers. The poor beggars will be placed in khaki and sent off for severe training. The bulk of them will break down and be returned to civilian life, ruined in health, unfit to work—most of them a permanent charge on the ratepayers. In the meantime they will have cost huge sums for clothing, rations and training. We need to increase our Army, Heaven knows!—but the way we are going about it would make a Hun laugh. Having regard to our own system, we have very little room to sneer and jeer at the Germans when they call up their greybeards and boys.

That Christmas Box.

At last we have come to the bottom of it—not the bottom of Princess Mary's Christmas Box, but of the incident. We wondered why in April of 1916 men should receive the box embossed "1914." We are semi-officially informed that the simulated brass box was issued for the benefit of the men who were serving in 1914. They have not all been found out yet, though sixteen months has elapsed. But we wonder why so many of the boxes are empty; they were supposed to contain various items, according to whether the recipient was a smoker or a non-smoker. Who has bagged the goods?

Our Missing Soldiers.

We are glad to be able to say that our inquiries concerning men who are missing have been very successful. Thanks to the enormous circulation of John Bull in the trenches and billets on all the fronts, and the interest which Tommy takes in the matter, we are enabled weekly to give to anxious relatives reliable details of the fate of the men in question—even where official inquiries have failed. In some cases, unfortunately, the worst fears are realised; in others the missing men are found to be in hospital. Occasionally, the forebodings of those at home are caused by Tommy's antipathy to the pen, and the consequent non-arrival of letters from him. Up to date, we have secured definite tidings of over 250 men who had been unaccounted for.

Notice.

We have received from men in the 65th Lowlands (Cyclists') Division at Wickford, in Essex, statements that they are very inadequately fed. Will somebody put matters right?

Missing Men.

We will welcome news concerning the following:—

Pte. G. D. Free, 2493, 2-3 London Regt. (Royal Fusiliers); Driver J. Holmes, 48138, 33rd Battery, 33rd Bgde., 8th Div. R.F.A.; Pte. L. Bean, 4425, D Co., 8th Buffs; Pte. J. J. Laws, 21335, 1st Co., 3rd Grenadier Gds.; Pte. J. Jackson, 6821, A Co., 1st Northamptons; Pte. Buckton, 8853, A Co., 1st Y. and L. Regt.; L.-Cpl. J. E. Smith, 17011, A Co., 8th K.O.S.B.; Co. Sgt.-Major D. R. Tavendale, 4427, Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. J. Wheeler, 14714, 11th Essex Regt.; Pte. J. Russell Miller, 1211, D Co., 18th Batt. Australian Infantry; Pte. R. Bamber, 3462, D. Co., 1-18 Irish R.L.R.

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED, being almost entirely engaged on Government work, would have been unable to supply any cycles had it not been for the large stock of parts which they held on the outbreak of War. Directly the pressure is removed, good deliveries may be expected.

HUMBER, LIMITED.
Works — — — Coventry

Depots:
LONDON.
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
60-64 Brompton Road, S.W.
SOUTHAMPTON.
25 & 27, London Road.

Repair Works:
Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.

OLD BUSHMILLS WHISKY

PLEASES THE MOST CRITICAL.

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., 89, Mark Lane, E.C.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"MALCONTENT" thinks we and Mr. Hales together would equal one Cromwell. Er—why drag in Mr. Hales?

"A STRONG SUPPORTER" (Ealing Common, W.).—You speak a true word when you say the present Government "have done nothing that they ought to have done and left undone everything that ought to have been done, and there is no fight in 'em." That comes of following too much the devices of their own hearts.

G. F. V. (Norfolk, Va.).—We keep our own record of the war. Thanks all the same.

W. L. M. (Maida Vale, W.).—The fact of your having two sons and a brother-in-law "in it" does not make any less nonsensical your nonsensical remark that Lord Northcliffe and ourselves are dangerous to the State. On the contrary.

"ONE OF MAMMY'S OWN" (Seaham Harbour).—Agreed that the pawnbroker, member of a military tribunal, who appealed for the exemption of his easily dispensable son deserves to have his three brass balls "pinched."

"GRATIS" (Aberystwyth) tells us of a member of his local tribunal who also appealed for exemption for his own son. It is all very unseemly, and we hope not to hear of it again.

"SAILOR BROTHERS" (Windsor).—Cannot tell you when our "sailor prince" will be well enough to resume his ship.

D. M. (Ballykinler).—Advt. in Belfast paper noted: "Ten shillings given to anyone finding respectable young married man constant employment." No doubt there will be a few recruiters after the money.

J. G. H. (1151X).—"God give us Men. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands. . . ."

"ROSA" (London).—"Why do Russian prisoners, receiving parcels from England, send their thanks in the Germhun language?" Probably to make things easier for the Germhun Censor.

R. L. (Derby).—Would we make another treaty with the Kaiser? Yes, if it were beyond the power of the villain to hurt when he breaks it.

"NEUTRAL" (Stowmarket).—Cannot tell you "why photographs of men leaving work with the explosive factory as a background" were allowed to be taken.

"ENQUIRER" (London, N.) asks why country Tribunals are "more easy-going than London Tribunals." He had better try us with another one.

"REGULAR" (Liverpool) suggests the taxation of cats and bicycles, and half-a-crown extra on sleeve poodles. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will please note.

J. S. (Harborne).—The "Angels at Mons" would be difficult to investigate scientifically.

"BUTCHER" (Cardiff) notes the "alarming fact" that buildings called Vienna Chambers still exist at Bute Docks.

"RESENTFUL" (Streatham) protests against the increase of prices now charged in "middle class" restaurants. Protest certainly more reasonable than many of the charges.

"AN ARDENT ADMIRER" (London), who has had a year in France, complains of the easy time enjoyed by the S.S., A.S.C. men at the various bases, drawing their 4s. a day, and set to tasks "any man able to draw breath could do." When we think of Tommy in the firing line, and his "bob" a day—well, as Shakespeare remarked, "comparisons are odorous."

"DISGUSTED" (Swansea).—No wonder, when you tell us of a munitions firm which contrived to get one of its men back out of the Welsh Regiment after nine months' training, merely to do tallying work which a boy of fourteen could perform.

F. J. A. (Rochampton, S.W.) gives us an idea of what the wounded Tommies at Gifford House Auxiliary Hospital think of the "Conscientious Objector." Every word is more than merited.

"FAIR PLAY" (Stroud Green, N.).—We agree that had it been made compulsory to produce copies of birth certificates when the National Register was taken, a far larger number of men of military age would have been discovered. But this will easily be put right when the age limit is raised to 45, or 50.

"A LONG READER."—If, as you say, soldiers temporarily released for munition work are paid 7¼d. per hour, while men in adjacent factories doing similar work receive 10¼d., it is grossly unfair. But that does not excuse soldiers "being inclined to stay off a day or two." Duty first, please. In answer to your other question, the penalty for absence without leave may be a fine or imprisonment.

"BULLITE" (Cambridge) says there is in the Cambridge loco. department (G.E.R.) a "lot of dissatisfaction" because overtime is given to single men in preference to married ones. Oh, these jealousies of the shop!

P. B. (Paddington).—The portrait of Scott Duckers, hanging up at the Paddington Radical Club, is perhaps intended as an awful example or a warning.

W. S. H. (Hackney).—Don't quite know what the aeroplane record is, but Perreyon made nearly 20,000 ft. The body of a Zepp is a sort of pegamoid over an aluminium frame.

Miss B. D. C. (Edgbaston).—No, opticians cannot give exemption papers. Perhaps you have been misled by the fact that many young fellows now wear glasses. They don't see their way to join up, you see.

"NEXY" (Newington Butts) has heard that men are selling their exemption certificates to others to enable them to get into munition factories. They will have a hot time when they are caught, in that case.

"CHEMIST" (Hampstead).—Cannot decipher your signature. You may take it that the men with the Germhun names, employed as Special Constables, are naturalised or born here.

G. W. S. (S. Africa) sends us a circular proposing the denaturalisation of "all so-called naturalised Germhuns." Better never again allow Germhuns to be naturalised.

L. S. T. (London, S.E.).—You may be a good pharmacist, but you are a horrible poet.

"FLEUR DE LYS" (Dundee).—In your sense, Parliament exempted "conscientious cranks" in single clergy of military age. Probably the argument for the Christian conscience would be the 5th chapter of St. Matthew.

M. L. (London, E.).—The fine was heavy, no doubt, but you should have extinguished the light when the policeman told you to do so. That other people do not obey the law is no defence for you.

G. B. S. (Cov. Garden).—There can be no question of the wide popularity of the opinion of the Rev. Father J. P. Byrne, of S. Shields, that "the only type of conscientious objector who appeals to me is the only son of a poor widow."

T. M. B. (Streatham) says he has it "on good authority that a Zepp. has been brought down and the crew captured." So have we.

F. C. (Gloucester).—The fact is, the Compulsion Act, passed on guesswork figures, is more or less a fiasco. In many ways it was made clear in these columns that the numbers could not be got unless they were taken out of arsenals, munitions works, starred trades, and Government offices.

"AMERICAN" (Walsall).—Those who have offered "anywhere from £500 to £1,000 for the bringing down of an airship on British soil" are reported to be still anxious to identify the gunner.

S. J. L. (E. Finchley) says the real baby-killers are the British Government, as "now, forsooth, the orange, the apple, and the banana are banned from our tables." Things must have improved since S. J. L. wrote.

H. P. (Clapton) has "a world-wide invention—liquid for cleaning windows," but cannot get the Government to take it up. Sorry. We cannot even get 'em to take up a patent soap for washing some of their brains.

"JACK TAR" (Gravesend) suggests that the Government should put a £5 Exchequer Bond in the P.O. Savings Bank for every child born since the war. Presumably his idea is to encourage the manufacture of British perambulators.

"MASTER MARINER" (Kent) says that all we publish "is as good as gospel." As good in parts, anyway, like the curate's egg.

G. J. G. (Regent's Park).—"What can be done with these slacking politicians?" Well, they can be boiled, or stewed in their own juice, but apparently there are not enough of us to hold 'em in the pan while they wriggle.

F. C. S. (Manchester).—Suppose we must wait and see till Mr. Pemberton-Billing gets his aeroplane squad at work. Even Lord Derby and Lord Montagu seem to have discovered that we have all been bluffed about our aerial service.

MR. J. S. HOTSON (Grocer and Wine and Spirit Merchant, Ipswich), wishes it to be known that the H. Hodgson, also of Ipswich—whom we pilloried recently under the heading "A Grave Suggestion"—is in no way connected with him. Mr. Hotson writes: "All my eligible employees have either enlisted or attested."

A Paper Worthy of Your Home is "Everywoman's."

"BROXHOOD" (Hereford).—Hello, again, Mr. Clever. It was our correspondent who suggested the "bar sinister."

W. A. (Hasbruck Heights, N.J.).—There are so few inmates in our prisons now that, as you say, "some of the warders must be having a swell time."

S. T. (Millfields).—The Government price for hand grenades (2s. 3d. doz.) was no doubt a slip of our correspondent. As you say, 2s. 6d. is the price per finished grenade. The 2s. 3d. a dozen mentioned was probably the price of cast iron cases only.

W. S. (Hull).—The Government say all war inventions submitted to them are thoroughly considered by their committee of experts.

H. C. (N. Wandsworth).—Are you a new reader, or do you need spectacles? Have been warning people against "bonus" tea firms almost since we were born.

"A GENTILE" (Manchester).—If Mr. King, of 11, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W., will be pleased to accommodate you with £200 to £10,000, as his circular says, "upon your own promise to pay," promise—and borrow the money at once.

"CONSTANT" (London) says "a fine intelligent soldier told her JOHN BULL stands alone in his outspoken manly efforts for dear old England and her Colonies and Allies." Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed.

"FERG." (Liscard).—Name of the man who gave the boy 2s. reward for finding £120 in Bank notes unknown to us, but probably Scrooge.

J. E. J. (Wednesbury).—Yours is not the only town where the local Fathers will not allow Sunday concerts, even for a war charity.

MR. W. H. ELLIS (Master Cutler, Cutlers Co., Sheffield) still receives razors not in use, for dispatch to the troops.

J. M. W. (Weymouth).—You say you "fell a-dreaming and the spirits of some of England's noble heroes" appeared before you. Had any spirits been appearing *within* you?

C. D. J. (Conway).—A sort of official pledge has been made that young men playing in arsenals and munitions works will be hunted out for service.

M. O. (Highcliffe) sends her "J.B." folded in a sheet of the "D.T.," which, she suggests, prevents its being stolen *en route*.

H. Y. (Birmingham).—Very difficult to judge as to your local conditions. We are not warned when Zepps. are about even in London.

W. A. S. (York).—Dispensers who have not been granted exemption are apparently indispensable—to the military authorities.

"THE WORD OF GOD" (Birkenhead) writes: "The result of the present war was determined in the Church of Thyatira, where the Morning Star was given to me in 19033." Had it been left to the *Evening* "Star" the result might have been less satisfactory.

A. U. (Finedon).—Thanks for your appreciative remarks. But are not you slightly in error in claiming to be "a regular contributor" to this journal? At any rate, your "regular contributions" have utterly eluded our notice.

A. G. (Stoke-on-Trent) suggests taxing imported bird-seed. We put it to the domestic parrot, whose reply was a piercing screech.

SERGT.-MAJ. J. K. (West Sandling).—The correct quotation is "Hoist with his own petard," not "Foist," etc. So pay your pal and look pleasant.

"BLANK LIFE" (Dublin).—If, as you declare, there are several Hun pork shops in your city, "making thousands of pounds," Dublin remains "dirty" indeed, though less "dear."

B. S. (Twickenham).—"You speak about the Austrian, The Bulgar, Turk and Germhun, But when you speak about the lot, You ought to call them 'Verm-hun.'" Where's the high-explosive Keating's?

H. C. (Maida Vale, W.).—No, we do *not* think the man (?) of Bath, who said he would not help a wounded soldier or a child injured by a bomb, should have been burned instead of his effigy. The stench of his burning would have polluted the air of Bath beyond recovery. He will doubtless burn at the right time, and in the right place.

"EX-CORPORAL" (Wath-upon-Dearne).—Your kind regards duly given to our tame Barber. He, habitually suspicious, desires to know "What's the bloomin' game?"

"O'BRIEN" (New Brighton) cries, in ink: "Clear the lot out! Aye, sir & aye; and put Church of England men in the Cabinet. . . . But no Hun-haters like him who flaunted his 'sacred memories of the Kaiser.'" No fear!

MISS TWEEDIE (Edinburgh).—We understand that the motor ambulance for which this lady appealed by means of a "snowball" has now been despatched to France. We wonder, however, how much of the money went astray in the post, and how much will still be forwarded although the object has been achieved.

J. A. R. (Guiseley).—We criticised Mr. Fenby for his remarks about the Military Service Act, and you say, as sportsmen, we should record that the Howdenshire Liberal Association praised him for his work in support of the voluntary system. We hereby do so—but we have not altered our opinion.

E. M. (Munlochy).—"The best way to become a highly qualified marine engineer?" Why—er—become a marine engineer, and then—er—become highly qualified. See?

"A SWELLED HEAD" (Swansea).—Your idea of excavating tunnels in hillsides for housing rigid dirigibles (when built) appears to us quite feasible. Your head has swelled to some purpose.

R. J. (London, W.) says there are no Germhun professors at the Gunnersbury School of Music now. Hoch, hoch, hoch!

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for April 15th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 164,786 and A003,724. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

I am pleased to be able to announce that I have arranged to reprint some of the most fascinating of the Editor's racing experiences in the *Squire's Special*, and the first instalment will appear in next week's issue, on sale on Thursday, the 22nd inst. I have consequently arranged to enlarge the paper, and to introduce other attractive features. Orders to MESSRS. ODHAMS LTD., 93, LONG ACRE, W.C. This issue will contain full and authoritative information about the Spring Cup and other races at Newbury.

The subscribers to my "Mutual" wire had their first message on Thursday last at Newmarket, and as the selection wired was Trinity Square, which won at 8 to 1, they had an excellent send off.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 28.

Four competitors sent coupons showing only 2 errors, and share the £100, each receiving £25:—A. LANSDELL, 43, Surrey Street, Croydon; Mrs. H. BALL, 130, Crowtl er Road, South Norwood; C. MASON, 29, School Lane, Heaton Chapel, Stockport; R. C. COLE, 304, Devons Road, Bow, E.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

RICHARD SLY, 12, Berners Road, Wood Green, N. March 25th. 635,629.

C. FLANAGAN, 70, Front Street, Tynemouth. March 25th. 677,176.

W. ELLIS, 84, Park-street, Penrhiwceiber. April 1st. 415,096.

FRED WOMERSLY, 38, Farrar Street, Barnsley April 1st. 736,005.

S.-Sergt. ERNEST D. BARR, R.A.M.C., 37a, Elbank Road, Eltham, S.E. April 1st. 877,738.

Mrs. MARY I. ATKINSON, 49, Mill-lane, Beverley April 1st. A237,684.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 15th:—

000,543	271,521	516,965	784,329	A022,635
026,984	293,547	571,191	815,642	A137,226
058,691	325,710	624,232	859,365	A186,257
074,620	342,927	653,429	875,226	A220,895
103,514	351,632	675,742	904,328	A239,747
143,702	384,911	694,092	936,357	A260,362
160,629	438,782	723,356	961,112	A265,925
184,311	465,763	745,847	978,739	A303,288
212,613	499,001	762,381	A025,323	A354,827
264,985	499,864	773,646	A068,768	A379,862

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 26th)

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.
"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 22 1916.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE!

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

5,000 PRIZES VALUE £1,000 THIS WEEK.

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 27th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(186) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 131," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 27th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(186) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 187. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 4th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 187 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 187. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 187.

THE KAISER'S KID	GOING FOR A SOLDIER	CAUSES UNPLEASANTNESS	CINEMA LOVERS
THE GOVERNMENT	WHAT M BRIAGE MEANS	LEARNING TO FLY	TURNING THE SCALES
MADE IN ENGLAND	MUST ENCOURAGING WHEN	OLD SHOULDER	ENLARGING NEW TYPIST
GENERAL TOWNSHEND	LADY SLAVEY	GETTING OFF	PRESSING BUSINESS
TOMMY LIKES	AN EARLY CALL	KEEPS MOTHER BUSY	THE GERMAN ARMY

BULLETS RULES

1. The first Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ___ & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 186:—

FORTUNES OF WAR
DEAR TRAVELLING
WHAT TOMMY WANTS
H RAID B TTOMLEY
MAKES US FLY
ZEPPELIN RAIDERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT
OUR CURATE
DISLIKED WITH THANES
PAYING TAXES
MAKING A HASH
RUBBISH
A PERFECT DREAM
MATCHMAKERS
THE LOCK H
ENGAGING YOUNG LADY
IN THE GARDEN
UNPLEASANT AWAKENING
CREATES A SENSATION
SORRY CREW
LEARNING TO COOK
EVERY WOMAN'S DUTY
FINDING FAULT
GETTING ON WELL
TAKING A LIBERTY
PROFITABLE PASTIME
NOT FOR SALE
A BAD BARGAIN
MY BETTER HALF
THE KAISER'S MISTAKE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
FINDING FAULT.
Bullet:—
EASIER THAN GIVING PRAISE.

Example:—
UNPLEASANT AWAKENING.
Bullet:—
SLEPT NEAR BEEHIVE.

Example:—
A BAD BARGAIN.
Bullet:—
CHEAPJACK'S, GENERALLY.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 13th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated April 22nd.

RESULT OF 183RD BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mrs. P. J. BENNELL,
41, Queen Street, Colchester.

Example:—UNFIT FOR SERVICE.
Bullet:—TOMMY'S LANGUAGE—CHURCH PARADE.

SECOND PR'ZE OF £25:—

EDWARD CALDERWOOD,
H.M.S. "Zoraide,"
G.P.O., London.

Example:—WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.
Bullet:—HE CAN "CARRY ON."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr R. S. WILDE, 8, Wellgate Mount, Rotherham:
RICH AND POOR—BIOGRAPHY OF SPENDTHRIFT.

Mr. K. WARD, 11, Conway Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester:
WHAT LOVE MEANS—TILL DEATH WE "PART."

Mr ROBERT CRUSE, 11, Windsor Road, Newport, Mon.
BEHIND THE COUNTER—MANY "MEAN" TO STAY.

Mr. GEO R. TATE, Longhoughton Station, Lesbury, S.O., Northumberland:
THE KAISER REGRETS—FAMILY'S "NOT ALL THERE."

Mr. HERBERT GRAHAM, Mountpleasant, Ballycastle, Co. Antrim:
HOW MONEY GOES—FATHER IS CONTINUALLY "SPECULATING."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. GEO DODD, Toll House, Walney Bridge, Barrow-in-Furness:
RICH AND POOR—HAVE WAR "BONDS."

Mr. W. J. MICHAEL, 19, Merthyr Road, Abergavenny, Mon.:
STARRED OCCUPATION—IT'S "ABUSED" BY SOME

Mr. W. J. WALSHE, 37, Royal Avenue, Belfast:
THE KAISER REGRETS—"RAISING CAIN" BEFORE ABLE.

Mr. J. OSBORNE, 35, Montagu Road, Hendon, London, N.W.
THREATENING THE HOME—WAY "THINGS" ARE "GOING."

Mrs. A. E. MILLER, 23, Clough Road, Handsworth, Sheffield:
WHAT LOVE MEANS—COUPLE ATTRACTED—COUPLED—DISTRACTED.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. C. G. BENNETT, Yeo. Sigs., R.N., 36, Essex Road Milton, Portsmouth:
LITTLE WILLIE'S WEAKNESS—TAKES EVERYTHING EXCEPT TRENCHES.

Mr. R. SUMNER, 413, Mill Street, Liverpool:
WHAT LOVE MEANS—OFFICE-BOY WEARS CLEAN COLLAR.

Mrs. M. GOOCH, 84, Princes Street, Eastwood, Notts:
RICH AND POOR—BOY "DRIVEN" TO WORK.

Mr. F. FLUDE, "Heatherdene," Alfreton Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts:
VERY RISKY—VOTING INDEPENDENTLY—POLITICIANS THINK.
(Sent In On A Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

Gunner F. SPROTT (30852), 9L. Heavy Artillery Brigade, 5th Corps, B.E.F., France:
CAPITAL IDEA—FRONT TRENCHES FOR "OBJECTORS."

Mr. E. CATTER, Arcade, Abertillery, Mon.:
KEPT WAITING—THE MARRIED MEN WEREN'T.

Mr. L. BING, 9, Beer Cart Lane, Canterbury:
A STRONG HINT—SCHOOLBOY'S LETTER UNSTAMPED.

Mr. A. S. HEARD, 48, Argyle Road, Ilford, Essex:
A GOOD PENNYWORTH—TUBE TICKET DURING RAID.

Mr. R. A. GREIG, 65, Mt. Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells:
A BIG HANDFUL—CABBY'S REWARD—IN NOVELETTE.

Mr. ARTHUR PETTIT, 42, Cromwell Road, South Bank, Yorks:
MARRIED GRIEVANCE—HUBBY'S "WON'T GIVE" WAY.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(186) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 187," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(186) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" £1,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

£1,000 FOR AN ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£250 IF ONE ERROR. . . . . .

£100 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK. . .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, April 29th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bolton will beat Blackpool you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Blackpool will beat Bolton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, April 28th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOM	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Bolton W.	v.	Blackpool
			Preston N. End	v.	Bury
			Stockport C.	v	Liverpool
			Bradford C.	v.	Leeds City
			Huddersfield	v.	Bradford
			Hull City	v	Sheffield W.
			Leicester F.	v.	Notts F.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Grimsby
			Reading	v.	Fulham
			Clapton O.	v.	Croydon Common
			Tottenham H.	v.	West Ham U.
			Watford	v.	Arsenal
			Millwall	v.	Crystal P.
			Aberdeen	v.	Rangers
			Dumbarton	v.	Kilmarnock
			Third Lanark	v.	St. Mirren
			Hamilton A.	v.	Airdrieonians
			Hearts	v.	Dundee

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 31. Closing date, Friday April 28th.

"Good Company"

NOW SELLING

CHAIRMAN JUNIORS

10 for 3D

They're going! going!! going!!!
They're going very strong.
Our famous Chairman Juniors ten for three.
There's a fragrant charm about them.
No smoker here need doubt them,
So don't go home without them,
For they're "Rare Good Company."

The rotund auctioneer with a smile in every tooth is quite right—Chairman Juniors are rare good company. They are a bargain, all the value being in the cigarettes and the necessary carton, as there are no pictures or coupons with them. The best possible at the price, as they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.